'A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants.''---Macauley

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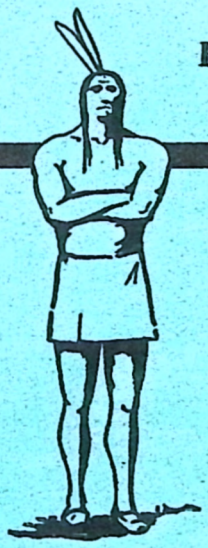

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Vol. 2—No. 10 JULY, 1925. $1.50 Per Year

Massacre of the Khenen Family

Written by Judge I. D. Ferguson, Denton, Texas, in 1911

In the year 1867 nearly all the people who lived in Montague county, Texas, were forced to leave their homes and go east on account of Indian depredations. A few of the settlers concluded to remain and take care of the property which they had accumulated. Among the number who stayed was the family of Stephen Roberts and a German by the name of Khenen and his family. Roberts lived about four miles west of where the town of Forestburg is now located, and his family consisted of himself and about ten or twelve boys. He prepared himself for the danger by building around his house and barn a fortification about twenty feet high, out of the post oak logs set in the ground like pickets. He and his boys were well armed and good shots with either rifle or pistol. About 100 yards from his house, in a deep gorge, was a spring of water that was never known to go dry, and this spring furnished water for his family and stock, and had also been a watering place for the Indians on their way to the settlements for a time far beyond the memory man.

The Indians made frequent raids into settlements to steal horses and usually selected this route, and came at a time when the moon would go down about midnight in order to give them moonlight to gather up the horses belonging to the settlers and when they had stolen as many as they wanted they would start back to the Indian territory, having the dark part of the night to go out so they would not be seen by the settlers on the border.

Mr. Khenen, the German farmer above named, had in an early day left the Fatherland to come to the new world and cast his lot among those people in Montague county, and selected his home a half mile south of Stephen Roberts. His family consisted of himself, wife and three small children. Mrs. Paschall, a widow with two small children, lived with the Khenen family. Mr. Khenen had erected his home of post oak logs, a small rude hut covered with boards. Being a new country, the settlers had to construct their doors and window shutters out of boards, as lumber, window sash and glass could not be had. It becomes necessary that this house of Khenen's should be fully described: It was about 14x16 feet square, one door on the south side, and a window on the north side; the window shutter had been hung with rawhide hinges, and by long use it was broken off and the window was closed by propping up the shutter with a fence rail. A fire place was in the east end of the building. This description will aid the reader to meditate upon the facts to be related hereafter.

These were poor people; they had but little, but what they had had been amasssed by honest toil by the efforts of the husband and wife. With the help of his wife, Mr. Khenen had cleared a small farm, enough to make their bread, and had gathered about him 15 or 20 head of hogs, six or eight cows, and two yoke of oxen to work his wagon. Mrs. Khenen by hard work made the clothes for the family. During the day the buzz of the spinning wheel and clank of the loom could be heard which told the story that Mrs. Khenen was spinning the thread and Mrs. Paschall was weaving it into cloth by which the family was clothed. This was the poor but happy family that had come to stay and hold the out-post until civilization could come to their relief.

Mr. Khenen had raised his crop and gathered it in, and made preparations to go to Arkansas after a load of apples to sell to get money to supply his family with shoes for the coming winter, and such other necessities that could not be raised at home. Apples, at that time, were not raised in Texas and could be

sold at a very high price. He left home during the last days of September, 1867, with his wagon and two yoke of cattle as his team, and expected to return about the first of November On the morning of his departure he kissed his wife and three little girls goodbye, cracked his whip and moved out, and as he drove around the field he looked back and saw his wife and little ones waye their hands to him. He did not know that he had kissed his wife and children for the last time, nor did he know that the little childish voices that sounded in his ear, "Goodbye, papa" had spoken to him for the last time. The smiling faces of his dear wife and children was a sweet picture never to be seen again by him except upon the canvas of memory. The anticipation of the home return to meet his wife and tell her the incidents of the trip and to gather his children on his knees and distribute to each with joy the presents brought home was never realized. The location and description of the little home has been told and how the husband and father had left and what he had left behind him, but it is sad to tell the awfulness that confronted him on his return.

It was in the month of October, 1867, when the moon was shining, and at a time when it went down about midnight, that a band of 20 or 30 Indians stole down into the northwest portion of Denton county and gathered up a large herd of horses and started with their stolen property for the Indian Territory. No one knew the Indians were in except the family of Robert Green, who lived about 300 yards from the residence of James Chisum, at which place the writer was staying that night.

Just at daylight Mrs. Green came up to Mr. Chisum's and told us to get up, that the Indians were in and had stolen their horses. The writer, before going to bed that night, had tied his hose to Mr. Chisum's gate post. On stepping out of the house I looked for my horse, but he was gone. The tie rope had been cut; and a poor, sore-backed, run down pony was standing at the gate, wet with sweat and so stiff from travel that it could hardly move. The neighborhood was soon notified and about 40 men took the trail, which led north up Clear Creek for about 10 miles, then turned west of north in the direction of Spring Station, a point on the old California stage road at the eastern edge of the upper cross timbers, which was two and one half miles from the Khenen place. It was about 18 miles to Spring Station, and it took so much time to gather the crowd and find the trail, it was about 3 o'clock p. m. when we reached Spring Station. While resting our horses at this point, the probability of overtaking the Indians was fully discussed, and by a large majority of the the crowd it was decided that it was useless to follow them any further, considering our mounts and the start the Indians had of us, and all decided to return home except Willaim McConnell, Brad Sanders, Tom Sanders and the writer. We concluded to go on and take chances of getting reinforcements up in Montague county, either from the Roberts family or the McDonalds, who lived still further west in the cross timbers. We kept the trail until it got too dark to follow it. By this time we had gone beyond Roberts and Khenen places, and we stopped and stayed all night, and during the night we decided when daylight came to go to the Roberts place and get provisions and reinforcements. It was about six miles back to this place and we arrived there after sunrise. Rufus Roberts came out to the gate and admitted us and said: "Ride in quick, boys. The Indians have killed Mrs. Paschall and all her children except one, and also Mrs. Khenen and her children. Mrs. Khenen is not dead yet, but is shot through in three places and scalped alive. One of her little girls is not dead yet. Mrs. Paschall's youngest child is all that escaped unhurt, it was sleeping on a trundle bed which was pushed under the large bed, and they failed to find it and it escaped."

We were horrified by his words and asked when they did this, and he said "Last night about midnight. We decided to go to the mill today, and late yesterday evening we loaded the wagon with grain so that we could get an early start this morning; so early this morning I got up and saddled my horse and put on my pistols to go and drive up the steers that I intended to work to the wagon; I heard the ox bell down south of Khenen's field and started after them, and when I got in about 75 yards of Khenen's house, I noticed that the window shutter on the north side of the cabin was down; I saw some one come to the window and stick their head out. I took it to be Mrs

Khenen; she looked like she had on her head a bright red hood; I took no further notice of the party and went on down the road till I passed the house and got to the southeast corner of their garden, there to my surprise I found the road and ground covered with feathers. I knew what it meant. The Indians had ripped open the bed and pillow ticks and emptied them out to get the cloth. The first thought that flashed through my mind was the party who stuck their head out the window was an Indian and that they were still there plundering the house. I drew my pistol and whirled my horse and dashed up to the house the fence was down, and I rode into the yard just south of the gate. Just as I appeared in front Mrs. Khenen came to the door; her head and face were one mass of blood; and the blood running down all over her clothes. She was scalped alive! With a gasping and faint voice, she said "they are all gone now—O! my poor little children, they are all dead. I am the only one left alive. God bless you, you have come to help me." She fainted and sank down on the floor, I ran to the well and got some water and wet her face and she revived; I then told her I would run home and get help; I jumped on my horse and ran home and got father and the other boys and we unloaded the wagon and harnessed up the horses and went down and brought them all up and they are here now in the house."

We all lifted our hands and took a vow that we would never spare the life of an Indian that should fall into our hands. We have not all been able to keep that vow; Creed Roberts afterward had the opportunity, and killed an Indian; and his father one morning found two Indians at the spring, and shot one dead, but the other one escaped. But all this did not compensate for the lives of those innocent women and children. By the time Rufus Roberts was through telling his story, we had put up our horses; we then went to the house and ate breakfast, and then walked out of the dining room into the room where the dead lay. With uncovered heads, we lifted the sheet and looked at the little innocent faces that once beamed with smiles of childish joy—there were no smiles there—they were cold in death; those little hands that waved good-bye to papa, were still and motionless, and cold as ice; they were little flower-buds plucked from the garden of life by a merciless and savage foe. Did God design that little innocent children should bleed and die to concentrate the soil to make homes for others? Had those little children done anything to deserve death? All such thoughts passed through my mind as I stood there looking at those little pale faces stained with blood. A sick and fainty feeling came over me as I stood there, and I turned away and walked with the other boys through the hall and into the room where Mrs. Khenen lay. The doctor had come and dressed her wounds and had given her morphine and she revived from her shock and was feeling better. She talked freely with us, and gave the particulars of the tragedy..

When we went into the room Mrs. Khenen knew us all and reached out her hand to us and said "You are brave boys, but you have come too late to save me and my children; all you can do now is to avenge our death." We told her we would do so, and told her the vow we had taken. She then related to us her story. She said; "I had been hard at work all day yesterday spinning thread to finish a piece of cloth that Mrs. Paschall had in the loom, and worked until after sundown before I stopped. I sent the little girl out to drive up the milk cows; by the time she got the cows it was dark, and I milked the cows and turned the calves out, went to the house and strained the milk; by this time Mrs. Paschall had supper ready and we all sat down and ate supper. Mrs. Paschall had been weaving all day and was very tired; she went to bed early. I had a pair of socks that I was knitting for Mr. Khenen, as I was expecting him home in a few days. The children after romping and playing until nine o'clock also went to bed leaving me alone. The night was cool and I had a fire and sat there and worked until near midnight before I finished. I felt uneasy, as it was near the time of the moon for the Indians to make a raid; the fire had burned low, and I had been listening to the clank-clank- of Mr. Roberts ox-bell as they browsed along the back of our field; my cows had laid down in the lot, and I could hear their heavy blows or breathing and the tinkle tinkle of the bell as they lay and chewed their cuds. The moon had gone down and it

was extremely dark and that was about all the sounds to break the stillness of the night. I had just finished the pair of socks and stuck my knitting needles through the ball of yarn and put them up. It must have been midnight; the ox bell had ceased to sound at the back of the field, and the tinkle of the cow bell in the lot had also ceased, and the extreme darkness and the awful stillness of the night seemed ominous of approaching danger. I attributed my feelings to nervousness. I commenced to shovel ashes on the fire to cover it up so it would keep till morning, and had just shoveled about three shovels when all at once with a terrible crash the old board window shutter that was propped up at the back of the house fell; it caused a shudder of fright to run over me. I looked and could see the sky through the open window; I thought it must have been the hogs that ran in the yard had rubbed against the rail and caused it to fall; and I returned to shoveling more ashes on the fire; and had just finished covering it when I heard a rustling noise at the window and looked and could see something bulky in the window outlined against the sky. Springing to my feet I screamed out 'What was that?' and what ever it was jumped down in the house with a heavy thud. I screamed with terror, but something struck me on the head and knock ed me unconcious and I knew no more till I came to myself in the condition I am now in. I crawled to the window and pulled myself up and looked out to see if I could see anyone, and saw Rufus coming on his horse down the road. I tried to halloo him, but I was too weak to make him hear me. He passed on but it was not long until he rode into the yard in front of the door with his pistol in his hand."

Mrs. Khenen stopped talking for a minute as if in prayer, and in a low voice said, "O! if I could live to see my husband; My God have mercy upon us, for when he returns we will all be gone."

This was the sad story told us by Mrs. Khenen. She lived twelve days before death relieved her of her suffering. Mr. Khenen did not return in time to see her before she died; and her prayer was not answered

We all then got our horses and went down to the Khenen place and found the little house a pool of blood, the dishes had all been broken up in small pieces, every thread of cloth about the place had been taken off; the feathers in the pillows and bed ticks had been emptied out, the wind had scattered them over the ground and it looked like it was covered with snow. We found, about seventy yards west of the house, where three horses had been tied to some trees and there we found the moccasin tracks of three Indians and trailed them up to the house and to the place where the window shutter fell. They were the spies that lurked in the rear to watch for possible pursuers and had committed this awful crime.

Such people as the Khenens led the way for the advancement of civilization and made it possible for others to come and find homes where they have grown rich and prosperous, and are now living in peace and luxury, and without a knowledge that beneath the soil where they live, lies sleeping remains of those brave pioneers without a written history or a stone to mark their graves.

F. M. Carter of Route 3, Hamilton, Texas, writes: "I am sending check to pay for your magazine one year. I turned into my 78th year December 1st, 1924. My father moved from Bell county to this, Hamilton, county, I believe, in 1854. but I will put it at 1855. I have lived in this county ever since. My father was killed by the Indians in this county in 1861, so you see I might be called an old timer."

Send us 42 cents and get one of the old Blue Back Speller before they are all gone. It will be a valuable keepsake for your children. How long has it been since you saw a copy of this famous old spelling book?

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Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillet's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for $3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

When the Jury Came to West Texas

Mabelle Eppard Martin. in Dallas News, May 3, 1925.

And now some say the Rangers are "illegal." If the news has filtered over the "long, long trail," the shades of many brave Rangers must be perturbed. Perhaps the shade of Judge Berthold will meet them. Illegal? The shade of the brave Judge will smile and tell them the story of the jury that sat at Socorro in '51.

A Mexican village under the American flag. A Frenchman for Judge, with a jury of six Americans and six Mexicans. The prisioners at the bar an Englishman a Scothman and two Americans. The entire court self-appointed and self-constituted What would a Supreme court say to that?

In 1849, just after Uncle Sam had added a new addition, known as New Mexico and California, to his charming but rambling country home, Socorro was a peaceful Mexican village, its adobe houses reflecting the sun of the upper Rio Grande Valley. Between it and the American settlements of Texas, the Comanche ruled and were more than willing to dispute every foot of the territory. But the Americans, "Hell bent for California," to the gold mines, had made trails through, and by 1851 Socorro had been transformed.

Most of these "hell bent" companies went on the rocks when they eached the Mexican settlements of the upper Rio Grande, and were reorganized. The flotsam of the wrecks were left eddying around the Mexican villages. Socorro had an overdose of the vagabonds in 1851, because the Boundary Commission had its headquarters there. This commission which was to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, had contributed a large quota to the riff-raff, for it had recruited its unskilled labor in San Antonio, necessarily without much picking or choosing.

Socorro wos more than wild; it was a hell hole, overrun with desperadoes of nearly every character. No peacefully inclined citizen was safe beyond his threshold after the sun went down, and daylight was almost as bad. Barrooms and dancing places flourished day and night. Many of the peaceful Mexican residents were unwilling hosts to some of the outlaws, who quartered themselves in houses by the persuasion of their "six-shooters."

Probably in that early day and under such circumstances some citizen indignantly proclaimed "there ought to be a law" against such high-handed proceedings. But in Socorro there was no law. Law was largely a matter of "draw," and the man who was quickest on the trigger was judge, jury and prosecuting attorney all in one.

These were the roaring, lynching, razzle dazzle days, such as Bret Harte has pictured so vividly. The sole civil authority was the Mexican Alcalde or the village. Him the State of Texas had vested with powers of a Justice of the Peace, but he was weak and ignorant, a timid and totally unreliable individual, not at all the type of person to inspire fear or respect in the heart of an outlaw. We are not accustomed to thinking of Mexico as a particularly salubrious refuge for the oppressed, but many preferred it to Socorro and moved across the river.

After several murders had been committed even that frontier town was horrified and terrorized. A committee of citizens asked help fom the United States military post at San Elizario, six miles distant. The commanding officer refused to help, saying it was a matter for the civil authorities to handle.

When things seemed so bad that they could get no worse, they proceeded to get worse, much worse, as things sometimes do.

It was at the usual dance or "fandango," open to all comers every night. Several officers of the Boundary Commission were present, when one of them, Edward C. Clark, innocently looking on, was suddenly set upon and stabbed by four ruffians. He died the next morning.

The time had come when something must be done, for an officer of the Government had been foully murdered. Mexicans and Americans, led by officers of the Commission, hastily formed an armed posse and began a systematic search to ferret out the murderers. Eight or nine men were arrested, but a man named Young who was most conspicuous in the affray, was not to be found.

The prisoners were taken to the home of

Judge Berthold, where a court was instituted to suit the emergencies of the case. Jurors were summoned and sworn in, a prosecuting attorney was appointed, and counsel was offered the prisoners, which they declined, treating the matter as a jest and making vulgar and obscene remarks, for they were under the impression that nothing would be done. Of course, the procedure was extralegal, for the Alcalde was the only civil authority in Socorro.

In selecting the jury six Mexicans were chosen. Judge Berthold, a highly respected citizen, of French origin, long resident in Socorro, was chosen as presiding magistrate, and the trial took place in his home, a common adobe or mud house, dimly lighted from one small window. Scarcely an individual was present who had not the appearance and garb of one who had spent his life on the frontier, far from civilization and its softening influences. Such was the setting of one of the earliest jury trials in Western Texas, and the following is a graphic account by a witness of the proceedings, Commissioner Bartlett:

"Surrounded as we had been, and now were, by hostile Indians and constantly mingled with half civilized and renegade men, it was necessary to go constantly armed. No one ventured half a mile from home without first putting on his pistols, and many carried them constantly about them, even when within their own domiciles. But on the present occasion circumstances rendered it necessary for safety, as well as for the purpose of warning the gang who were about to have their deserts, that all should be doubly armed. In the courtroom, therefore, where one of the most solemn scenes of human experience was enacting, all were doubly armed save the prisoners. There sat the judge, with a pistol lying on the table before him; the clerks and attorneys wore revolvers at their sides, and the jurors either were armed with them or unerring rifles. Members of the commission and citizens, who either were guarding the prisoners or protecting the court, carried handy revolvers, rifles or shotguns, thus presenting a scene more characteristic of feudal times than nineteenth-century America.

"The fair but sunburnt complexions of the American portion of the jurors, with their weapons resting against their shoulders and pipes in their mouths, presented a striking contrast to the swarthy features of the Mexicans, muffled in checkered serapes, holding their broad-brimmed glazed hats in their hands and delicate cigarritos in their lips.. The reckless, unconcerned appearance of the prisoners, whose unshaven faces and disheveled hair gave them the appearance of Italian bandits rather than Americans or Englishmen; the grave and determined bearing of the bench, and the varied costumes and expressions of the spectators and members of the commission, clad in serapes, blankets or overcoats, with their different weapons and generally long beards, made altogether one of the most remarkable groups which ever graced a courtroom."

Two successive days were occupied in the trial. There were no psychologists, no chemists to bewilder the jurors in a maze of mystery and make them feel, as jurors too frequently feel in this day, that the whole procedure is a diabolical cross-word puzzle, with all the key words pied. Quite to the contrary, jurors, witnesses and spectators had a feeling of understanding. During the first day friends of the prisoners made open threats of violence, but this ceased when soldiers from the post at San Elizario arrived, upon request of the Boundary Commission.

One of the officers of the commision had shown a friendly interest in the prisoners, and on the second day they requested him to act as their counsel, which he did; but all his efforts to prove the previous good character of the defendants were futile. Neithe could he establish an alibi for them. The prisoners were then heard in their own defense, which consisted of assertions of innocence. When it was seen that things weer growing serious for the prisoners and the trial would result in their conviction, an attempt was made to postpone it until counsel and evidence could be secured from El Paso. But the court had learned of the exisence of a plot to rescue the prisoners that night, and the request was refused.

When the evidence was all in, the prosecuting attorney made a few remarks, followed by the charge of the Judge, and the case was given to the jury. In a few minutes it returned a verdict of guilty against William Craig, Marcus Butler and

John Wade. The Judge then pronounced the sentence of death.

Again the eyewitness tells the story:

"The prisoners were now escorted to the little plaza or open square in front of the village church,where a priest met them to give such consolation as his holy office would afford. But their conduct, notwithstanding a desire on the part of all to afford them every comfort their position was susceptible of, continued reckless and indifferent, even to the last minute. Butler alone was affected. He wept bitterly and excited much sympathy by his youthful appearance, being but 21 years old. His companions begged him not to cry, as he could 'die but once.'

"The sun was setting when we arrived at the place of execution. The assembled spectators formed a guard around a small Cottonwood tree, which had been selected for the gallows. It was fast growing dark and the busy movements of the associates of the condemned, dividing and colecting again in small bodies at different points around the outside of the party, and then approaching nearer to the center, proved that an attack was meditated if the slightest opportunity should be given. But the sentence of the law was carried into effect.

"The entire proceedings were interesting and the scene of a character which none present desired ever again to witness. The calm but determined citizens on the one side, the daring companions of the condemned wretches on the other, remained throughout keenly on the watch the first for the protection of life and the support of good order in the community, the other with malicious eyes of disappointed and furious demons, who to rescue their companions would have been willing to sacrifice a hundred additional lives."

Two tasks yet remained for this self-appointed court to accomplish. One was to run the rest of the vagabonds out of Socorro, and in order to accomplish this the court ordered all unemployed persons to leave within 24 hours. This was hardly necessary, for the gang was already dispersing in all directions. The second task was that of bringing to justice Alexander Young, the leader of the gang. The offer of a $400 reward for the delivery of Young at Socorro sent searching parties out in all directions, and soon the criminal was made a prisoner. He confessed the truth of the charges against him, and while standing under the tree with the rope around his neck begged to be allowed to say a few words. He implored others to take warning from his example, for they could see what "gambling, swearing, drinking, an ungovernable temper, and association with evil men" had brought to him. He had run away from home at the age of 14, and would never see that home again. With these and like remarks he concluded, and the "law was again carried into effect under the alamo."

Young was well known in Texas as a desperate character, for he had spent several years on the Mexican frontier The other three had been picked up by the Boundary Commission in San Antonio and were among those discharged in Socorro. Wade was an Englishman, Craig was a Scotchman and Butler was an American.

Thus the jury came to West Texas. An impromptu panel of Americans and Mexicans, presided over by a Frenchman it brought to justice an Englishman a Scotchman and two Americans in a Mexican community. It was probably the most internationally heterogeneous, as well as the most irregular jury ever held in Texas, but it sufficed nobly.

Never before, nor again, was Socorro so nearly cosmopolitan. Quiet and order was restored in the town, and with quiet it lapsed again into the little Mexican village, indolent and sleepy, on the banks of the Rio Grande, and today, although still appearing on the maps, is only a cross road some miles below El Paso, its ruins still reflecting the sun of the upper Rio Grande Valley.

Our Clubbing Offers

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two $4.00. Our price $3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two $3.00. Our price $2.25 postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, $2.00. Our price $1.75, postpaid.

LONE STAR MOUNTED RIFLES

Mrs. H. Virginia Cahill, of San Antonio, Texas, sends us the following data in regard to the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," which company wsa raised in Caldwell county, and of which Mrs. Cahill's father, Colonel J. J. Myers, was captain. Mrs. Cahill sends us a letter written by Mr. Isaac D. Pryor of Carbon, Eastland county, Texas, December 16, 1923, which we publish below. At the the time he wrote this, Mr. Pryor was 87 years old, and he was making his home with Mr. Boykin in Eastland county. He died January 18, 1924. On several occasions this frontier company, "The Lone Star Mounted Rifles," did effective campaigning against the Indians in the early sixties, some of the members remained in Caldwell county for home guard duty, while the main company went on an expedition against the Indians out in the San Saba and Llano river territory. On September 6, 1861, this company was re-organized by Col. Myers, and taken to Galveston, where, on September 18th, 1861, the men were sworn into the Confederate service as Captain John J Myers' Caldwell County Rangers Co. E, 26th Texas Cavalry.

Mr. Pryor's letter to Mrs. Cahill is as follows:

Carbon, Eastland County, Texas.
December 16, 1923.

Mrs. Virginia Cahill,
San Antonio, Texas.

My Dear Friend:—I will try and write you an account of our company in the Ranging Service as best I can. I am so blind that I cannot do my own writing, but Miss Alma Boykin is writing for me. There are three more names which should be on the list, Buck Roberts, an old bear hunter, Jack Johnson and John Tuttle. Tuttle's home was in Llano county. A great many of the names that are on the list I can't remember for certain, so I have marked only those I knew for sure were in the ranging service.

When we first started out we all met in Lockhart and spent the day there. Then the company went out in the evening to Pecan Springs and camped there the first night. I was very sick that day and laid all day in Dr. Chiles' office. They arranged it so that Dr. Chiles or Dr. Searcy was with me all day. Captain Myers tried to get me to go back to his home that evening and stay until I was well and then come on and overtake the company. I would not agree to this, so I went out to Green Mott and stayed all night wth Ild Man Green. The next morning I was better, and I went to camp and went on with the company until we got into Llano county, then I got so sick that Captain Myers left me at old man Buck Roberts' to die, and left two of his men there to take care of me while I was sick, as I thought, and to travel with me when I got well. But Captain Myers told me several times afterwards that he left those men there to bury me, for he thought I would never get up again. As soon as I could ride I started out and caught up with the company at Fort McKavett, near the head of the San Saba river. We established our headquarters there and began to scout for Indians. They had no rangers there at that time, and the Indians had gone down as far as Llano county, driving away the people's horses. But Indians are smart, and found out that the Rangers were there and began to get out of the country, driving herds of horses wtih them. There came a shower of rain enough to make signs where they went. We struck the trail where it looked as though there might have been 300 or 400 horses driven out. We all tied a wallet of provisions on our saddles and filled our canteens full of water, and started after them. We went away out on the plains until our water gave out, then we followed on until we began to suffer greatly for water. Some of our horses were almost given out, and some of the men called for a halt, and we all stopped. About half of the men said they were going to turn back. We could look across the plain and see a high peak, which looked to be about thirty miles from us. Captain Myers talked to the men and told them that he thought if we would go to the peak we would find water. At least half of the men wanted to go on, while the others swore that they would not go any furth-

er. Some of them got off their horses and begged some one to stay with them and see them die, for they could not go any further. The men told them that they could not stay, for they would soon be so that they could not travel, and to get up and travel together and die together. By this encouragement they got them to get up and travel. The first water we struck was at the head of the San Saba river, about ten miles above old Fort McKavett. The horses were giving out so rapidly until some of the men were four hours behind the others getting to water. We had been three nights and almost three full days since our canteens weer empty. Captain Myers instructed the first men that got to water to go to making coffee to give others as they came in instead of water. We had to draw our horses back from the water and give them only a little at a time. We lay over there and cooked and rested until the next day. Then we went to our permanent camp, where we had left a few men. We found Old Man Hardy Stockton at our camp when we reached there. He was an old settler, and he knew all of the cow country well, every cow trail and every Indian trail. He said that if we had gone on to that high peak which we saw and turned back from, that we would have found the whole tribe of Comanche Indians there, also a large spring of water, but we would have had some hard fighting to get that water.

The people up there were very glad when we came in there to protect them. We stayed and scouted the country until we ran all the Indians out.There was a great deal of game, wild turkeys, deer antelope, and some buffalo on the plains. We got some fine deer skins to carry home with us, and, I don't suppose you remember it, but I never saw Mrs. Myers as proud of anything as she was when I took a deerskin and made her a couple of pairs of moccasins after we got home. She wore them when she went to see Colonel Myers while he was quartered at Galveston during the Civil War, and she wore them while she was down there.

"Old Paint," was a big brown and white horse Colonel Myers owned, and he was riding him on the dry scout. "Paint" was a large Spanish horse, and I think he was the best bottomed horse I ever saw. I rode him 120 miles one day and night over a muddy road, and he wasn't near given out. Well, this is about all that I can tell you about the trip at present.

We stayed at home about two weeks after we returned from the expedition, then we re-organized our company and entered the Confederate army. I will also state that Old Man Buck Roberts, John Tuttle and Jack Johnson died many years ago. If Billie Baker was living, and I was going around the world, I would want no one to go with me but him, for he was pleasant, agreeable, kind to everyone, and brave. Yes, W. T. Pryor was my brother. He was with us in the Ranging Service and died during the Civil War on Dr. Ridgey's farm four miles from Houston.

Colonel Myers often told me about his being with Freemont's Expedition when he explored the country to California. That was when he was a boy. He also told me about being with Kit Carson in the Rocky Mountains trapping. Kit Carson was a colonel in the Federal army during the Civil War, in New Mexico and Colorado. I heard a man ask Col. Myers one day, "if he should meet Kit on the battlefield would he kill him?" Colonnel Myers said, "No, sir, I wouldn't hurt him unless I had to do it to save my own life, and I would hardly do it then." I will close. I know of nothing else of importance to state. I wish you a merry Christmas and a long and happy life. Give my love and best wishes to all of your folks when you write to them. I remain, as ever, your friend,

ISAAC D. PRYOR.

Commission of John Jacob Myers, a Captain of "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," Caldwell County, Texas.

In the name and by the authority of the State of Texas. To All Whom These Presents Shall Come—Greeting: Whereas, At an election held in the county of Caldwell on the first day of July, 1861, John J. Myers was elected to the office of Captain of a volunteer company called the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles."

Therefore, Know Ye that I, Edward Clarke, Governor of the State of Texas, reposing special trust and confidence in your fidelity to the constitution and laws of the State of Texas, and your attachment to the Confederate States of

America, do hereby commission you, the said John J. Myers, to the office of Captain of the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," under act of February 15, 1858, and to rank as such from the first day of July, 1861, and that the said company you are to lead, train, muster, exercise and command according to the existing laws and military discipline in force in the Confederate States; and you are strictly to observe and execute all such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from the Governor (commander-in-chief) for the time being, or any of your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war; and all inferior officers or others belonging to said company are hereby commanded to obey you as the captain thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name. and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at the City of Austin, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one; and in the year of the Independence of Texas the twenty-sixth, and of the Confederate States the first.

(SEAL) EDWARD CLARK,

By the Governor.

BIRD HOLLAND, Secretary of State.

List of "Lone Star Mounted Rifles."

John J. Myers, Captain.
John L. Lane, First Lieutenant.
L. J. Storey, Second Lieutenant.
Wm. W. Montgomery, Second Lieutenant.
J. A. Stagner, First Sergeant.
W. B. Mayward, Second Sergeant.
J. Clark Barnett, Third Sergeant.
Geo. A. Stagner, Fourth Sergeant.
John Richards, First Corporal.
D. W. Martindale, Second Corporal.
H. W. Withers, Third Corporal.
Anderson Petty, Fourth Corporal.

R. L. Fulton.	Thos. H. Fulton.
William H. Baker.	Thos. J. Lane.
Thos. W. Hale.	Joseph R. Hart.
Geo. N. Martindale.	W. T. Prior (Pryor)
James Speed.	John Mackey.
Joseph S. Martin.	Asa Pullin.
Eldridge Franks.	D. B. Bullard.
Y. T. Wood.	Thos. H. Baker.
John C. Farmer,	John B. Elgin.
Jesse S. Boman.	Elijah P. Farmer.
B. T. Sullivan.	David J. Larremore.
Jesse Swearingen.	M. R. Jeffry.
Ed. Persons.	D. B. Brite.
B. D. Patterson.	Griffith Tinney.
Wm. Alexander.	Chas. Nealy.
C. W. Whitis.	Dr. O. O. Searcy
Eli S. Hankins.	John Green.
H. C. Skaggs.	—. —. Drennen.
James Buchannan.	James Long.
John Allen.	R. B. C. Miller
J. J. Foreman.	Marcus Trumble.
J. W. Cardwell.	S. T. Lane.
Mark H. Cowan.	Henry Lackman.
Mikel Keck.	Geo. Stephens.
Calvin L. Storey.	Bradser Lincecum.
J. W. Hurst.	Joseph Alexander.
Sam'l Petty.	A W. Lauftis.
Wm. S. Furgusson.	Gipson Petty.
James M. Petty.	J. W. Hait.
Bayliss Lane.	I. D. Prior (Pryor).
Irwin Freeman.	J. Fise.
James Z. Parr.	A. D. Louftis.
Sami'l D. Privet.	J. F. Powers.
John Hall.	F. Vogel.
C. A. Doight.	James Pague.
G. J. Jackson.	Geo. F. DeGraffenreid.
J. H. Gibson.	T. A. Tease.
Hugh Taylor.	Wm. L. Carter.
Jas McMahan.	Richard Miller.
	W. T. Roberts.
A. Pollard.	Ben Harris.
Wm. Cardwell.	Buck Roberts.
Isaac Wilson.	Jack Johnson.
L. V. Jones.	John Tnttle.

The State of Texas.
County of Caldwell.

I. J. A. Glenn, Chief Justice within and for said county and State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a first and true copy of the officers and privates in a volunteer company formed in the county of Caldwell, and that of the same is now on file in the office of the County Clerk of said Ccounty. To certify which I hereto set my name, and affix the Seal of the County Court at Lockhart, this 1st Day of July A. D. 1861.

J. A. GLENN.
Chief Justice County Court.
Caldwell Co. Texas.

Life of John Wesley Hardin.

This thrilling story will begin in the September number of Frontier Times. If your subscription is about to expire you should renew at once so you will not miss the opening installment. John Wesley Hardin was quite a noted character in the early days, and this story will depict his true character. Don't miss it.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

Recollections of a Texas Cowpuncher

R. M. Stephens, Irving, Texas, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, May 29, 1925

I was very much interested in C. C. Bell's article in The news of May 3. I too, am from Missouri and was ahead of Mr. Bell one year in coming to Dallas in 1869, when, as Mr. Bell says, the courthouse grounds, or just south of it, was the principal tourists' park. There was an old brick courthouse there then, cracked and about ready to fall down. But Dallas was, as Mr. Bell says, a small village of 500 or 600 people. Clark & Bryant were the principal merchants. The Crutchfield Hotel, just north of the square one block, was the leading hotel. South of the square was the favorite place for high-robber poker players and high-robber race horse men.

I came out with old man Bracher, a Missouri tenderfoot. We rented the Tom Floyd farm on White Rock, eight miles north of town. I got acquainted with a typical Texas cowpuncher, Andy Johnson. I worked in my coton crop till the next July and then sold out to Mr. Bracher. Cotton farming did not appeal to me. Andy got me in with him as a cowpuncher for Bill Jackson. I followed that work for twenty years. We went to Dallas, I settled all my indebtedness, I got to camp with $10 and my saddle and bridle. I was introduced to the outfit as a Missouri tenderfoot. I don't remember all the boys, but recall Tom and Bev Scott, young Tom Floyd and Duril Buckhanon. I mention these with the hope that some of them may be living and may see this.

Andy told Jackson how tender I was. The wagon was standing on the east side of the courthouse. We corralled the horses with ropes tied to the wheels and I saddled my first Texas cow horse, a fat, sslick, coal-black with stocking legs and white face. Fortunately for me and to the disgust of the boys. I had worked three years for a trader in Texas cattle and horses. Having been practically reared on a mule, I could ride some. We turned old Ball loose and he made things warm for the tenderfoot nearly to the old ferry at the foot of Commerce street. We went down into Hill, Ellis, Navarro and Limestone Counties, gathered a herd and drove it up the old Baxter Spring trail to Jackson's ranch, which he had bought in the Cherokee Nation on Grand River, ten miles above Fort Gibson.

We spent the winter of 1870 there, took what cattle he had left to Baxter Spring the next year, sold out and drifted back toward Texas. We met Dr. Warren of Palo Pinto County, went back to Chetopa, sold out and headed for Texas, worked for the doctor and gathered a herd. The next year we went up the trail to Coffeyville, drifted back to Texas ahead of the cold, worked on the range, gathered a herd the next year, started for Kansas, sold out at Victoria Peak ranch and went back and worked on the range. Sometimes we did not know whether we would wake up with any hair.

To hear the modern cow men talk about hardships makes me laugh. Much of the time we had not a wagon sheet and part of the time no wagon. One horse would pack the kit for six or eight men. We had a sack of biscuits and salt and coffee, killed our meat when we camped, but had the pick of the land and could have buffalo, bear, deer and wild turkey, as the country was full of game.

In working the range I met my fate, a little black-eyed and black, curly-haired girl. I thought I could not possibly live without her and I made her believe it. But I made one more trip up the trail. We held the herd at Victory Peak ranch when that was the farthest ranch on the Wichitas. The Indians had run all the ranchmen back. We had 3,700 head—1,200 old steers from 6 to 12 years old. The Indians came one night and got all the horses but four. The old man sent two of the boys to the ranch at Whitesboro. Coming back through the cross timbers, west of Montague, a bunch of Indians ran onto them and tried to take them. but the boys were riding good horses and outran them. Our damage was two men shot and one horse, one man shot through the shoulder below the collar bone, one through the calf of his leg.

That summer I came back to the black-eyed girl, married her, made one more trip up the trail, settled in Palo Pinto County on Iron Eye Creek, west of Palo Pinto town; took up a ranch and went to ranching on my own hook.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

In the early part of 1856, our family moved from Fayette County, Texas, to the northern fronntier of Texas. My father, John R. Baylor, having been appointed agent for the Comanche Indians, we went to the agency which was on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, just south of Camp Cooper. We stayed at the agency something like a year and a half. We then moved farther down the Clear Fork, some eighteen miles below Camp Cooper where we established the first cow ranch in that part of the country. This was in 1857. During this year, and during 1858 and 1859, the Indians on the reservation and those off as well, were committing heinous crimes all along our Frontier, from Red River to Laredo. Because of these depredations, in 1859, we moved to Weatherford in Parker county.

I will not undertake to state the number of persons killed and carried into captivity by the Indians, nor the value of property, stolen and carried away. That property values would run into the millions cannot be questioned. Human life cannot be valued in dollars and no estimate of that attempted.

Several of our neighbors were killed before we moved from the Clear Fork and one was caught and scalped near his home. Dick Holder, living a few miles below us on the Clear Fork, was killed by the Indians as was also a negro man south of us on Hubbard's Creek. All of this happened within a radius of a few miles, so it takes no strength of the imagination to determine what was happening all along our frontier.

At the time we moved to Weatherford it was a small village—I doubt if the populaation amounted to three hundred souls all told. In our new home we hoped to be relieved of scenes of murder, rapine and cruelty for all time.

I think there were no Indian raids in Parker county, neither in 1859 nor in 1860, but almost every other frontier had many raids and outrages.

In the late summer of 1860, what was known as the "buffalo hunt," which in reality was an Indian hunt, was organized. The men forming this expedition came to Weatherford and camped for several days just north of the creek north of Weatherford. Here the organization was completed by electing officers. Colonel John R. Baylorwas chosen to command the expedition. These men scouted around in the Indian country until late in the fall, having but little success in the way of finding Indians.

Early in 1861, the war between the States was growing into full blast and in a short time nearly every able-bodied man had gone into the Confederate Army This left our long stretch of frontier in bad plight. A frontier regiment was organized and did splendid service, but the scope of country to be guarded by them was so great that in spite of their efforts the Indians would sneak into the settlements, kill, scalp and steal, and sneak out again. This nefarious work the Indians kept up at all times during the war between the States and for many years afterwards.

Parker county, with a voting population of about one thousand, sent eleven full companies into the Confederate Army—more glory for old Parker. Nearly every man capable of bearing arms shouldered his musket, shot gun, long rifle, or whatever gun he had, and was off to the rendezvous or the battle field. This condition left the defense of the settlements largely to the boys and old men.

In 1861, in the fall, the Comanches made a raid into the eastern part of Palo Pinto county, near the Parker county line, and killed a Mrs. Sherman. I remember that dastardly murder perfectly. It was the most pathetic event that the imagination can well picture. I do not remesber the particulars of the killing of Mrs. Sherman. She was the mother of four small children. She was killed and scalped, and every part of the scalp was removed, save a small lock of hair on each temple. She was the second person I had seen who was killed and scalped by the Indians. One other person was killed on the same day Mrs. Sherman was killed, but I do not remember the name of the other person. At this same time quite a number of horses were stolen. After this the killings and

thefts came thick and fast and more daring. No words of condemnation are strong enough to properly characterize the Indian outrages, nor could they increase the horror which all felt towards the shameful atrocities that were committed by these human hyenas. No wonder people said that the Indians were only fit for buzzard victuals.

In the early part of 1862, just five miles west of Weatherford, a young boy was shot by the Indians. He had been sent after the calves and rode into nine Comanches. They chased him and badly wounded him. An arrow passed through his body from the back, passing through his stomach. The wounded boy ran to the house of Mr. E. P. Shirley, pursued by a single Indian, and Mr. Shirley, hearing the commotion, looking out and saw the boy and the Indian, at once got his gun and in the hurry and excitement of the moment, the gun, being easy on trigger, was discharged in the air. The Indian whirled his horse, beat a hasty retreat and joined his companions. Mr. Shirley helped the boy off his horse and seeing the arrow, without thinking, pulled it from the back, and the spike came off and remained in the boy's stomach.

On this particular morning of the wounding of the boy, I decided I would ride out and see abut some of our cows I knew to be west of town. When I had gone about two miles, at a small creek I saw a wild turkey and spent quite a while trying to get a shot at it. Believing my efforts futile, I went on my way. I had spent quite a while riding around, finally I came in sight of a house and seeing a lady in the yard, waving her bonnet and beckoning to me, I at once turned and went to the house. The lady said to me: "What are you doing out here boy, don't you know the country is full of Indians? Don't you know that they have just killed a boy and he is down at Mr. Shirley's?" I assured her I knew nothing of the kind but that I would go to Mr. Shirley's, which I did. When I arrived severaal of the neighbors had come in and in a short time several persons from Weatherford arrived.

I saw the wounded boy, pale and deathlike, and thought to myself that a wild turkey had likely played a nice part in my life.

In a short time a party was made up to follow the Indians. In the order of their ages, the following persons made up the pursuing party: Ezra Mulkens, John Curtis, Mat Gibson, W. R. Curtis, Dunk Foreman and W. K. Baylor. The last three named were boys, I was fourteen and the other two were about fifteen years old. When we got to the place where the Indians had started their run after the boy, I know why my scalp was where it belonged. Wild turkey was the cause. After scouting around we finally found the trail which we followed with some difficulty that evening. The Indians scattered in order to make trailing slow and difficult on our part, while they were going at a rapid pace. We had followed the trail some fifteen miles, the shades of night were falling fast and we had nothing to eat. As we were debating what we were to do, we heard a dog bark in the distance. Riding in that direction we soon saw the house of Mr. R. C. Betty, where we stayed during the night. We slept in a small corn crib in a corral where our horses were, and stood guard by twos. I was on the last relief with Ezra Mulkens, the oldest man in our party. Being on guard was a new experience to me and made me feel of vastly more importance than I ever had felt before or ever have felt since. After an early breakfast we went back to the Indian trail, followed it most of the day, until it went into a rough, rocky country in Palo Pinto county, where, try as we would, we could not trail. We did considerable scouting in an effort to pick up the trail but our efforts were in vain. So, with much reluctance, we gave up the chase. It was now night again and we had little to eat and had eaten but little all day and if you can remember how hungry a fourteen-year-old boy can get then you know how hungry the three young warriors were.

After giving up the Indian chase we camped in a rough country. Early next morning we were off for Weatherford, after an absence of five days, where we arrived fairly early in the evening and, as usual, the town turned out to meet and greet us and to learn about the Indians, whether they had left for their haunts or were still skulking around the country. The younger three let the older members tell the news while we busied ourselves with the boys of our age, telling them of our trials and largely imaginary hard-

ships. We imagined ourselves full-fledged heroes and from the questions the boys asked and the way they looked at us we imagined they, too, thought we were heroes of the first water.

After I had publicly exhibited myself as a warrior bold as one who had barely escaped a scalping, I went home, where I found my mother greatly worried about me but was delighted to see me alive. She had been told that I had gone with others after the Indians and knew that I had not been killed by the Indians who wounded the boy.

Of the persons making up the party who followed the Indians trail, not one of them is alive except myself. W. R. Curtis and myself were for a long time the sole survivors; he now being dead, leaves me the sole survivor.

At the time the Indians made this raid near Weatherford, nearly all the able-bodied men had gone into the Confederate army. This left our long stretch of frontier in bad plight. The war between the States was now at its height. I had witnessed the presenting of flags to our departing soldiers, heard lively speeches, listened to the measured tread of marching soldiers, witnessed cavalry and infantry drills on the public square. All this caused the "war bee" to get active under my hat. My eldest brother, J. W. Baylor, just in his sixteenth year, had been "sworn in," as we called it. Then there was Harvey Biggs, John Norton, Joe Loving and several other boys sixteen years old, had all been "sworn in" and some of them had gone to the front where they still are. I began in earnest to get "sworn in," but every one knew me and my age and not one of the officers would swear me into the service of the Confederacy, telling me that I was too young, but I wasn't, for I would soon be fifteen years old. Dunk Foreman and Will Curtis had both got "sworn in" and left this warrior bold all alone in his misery.

From the seat of war and everywhere came, naturally, glowing accounts of the success of our army. My father, John R. Baylor, who had gone to Arizona as Lieutenant Colonel of the 2nd Texas Cavalry, had captured that territory for the Southern cause. With 290 Texans he had captured that territory for the Southern cause. With 290 Texans he had in one battle captured 750 Federal troops of the regular army. The Texas Legislature passed a joint resolution complimenting him and thanking him and the men under his command for the distinguished service they had rendered to the cause of the South. I began to feel that the war would be over and all the Yankees killed before I had a chance to die for my country. And, hadn't I seen with my own eyes Joe Norton, Jack Baylor, Dunk Foreman and Will Curtis go into the army, having huge hack knives belted around them? With these knives they expected to rush up to a column of the enemy and cut heads off right and left and fill the air so full of heads that they would hide the sun. Then on every side I heard: "How sweet it is to die for one's country." I had the feeling that it must surely be delightful to die on the field of battle, to be found on the field of glory in a condition of "horrid disfiguration," and unutterable mutilation, lying stark and stiff under the hoofs of vaunting enemies." I imagined it would be great to be found dead upon the field of glory, in a condition of horrid disfiguaration, but I expected that they who found me would also find dead men all around me, at least four deep, and at the burial some one would speak out or think of the lines:

"No a drum was heard, nt a funeral note;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was
buried."

And this would end the career of a hero of Parker county. Looking backward over the bloody years of our unhappy war and seeing the mighty upbuilding of our Southland since those unhappy days, I am willing to admit that it may be sweet to die for one's country, but it is much sweeter to live for it.

My mother evidently discovered that something was disturbing my mind, so she persuaded me to go to San Antonio to go to school, her real object being to keep me from scouting around after Indians. In obedience to my mother's wishes I mounted Nancy Davis, a favorite family animal, which had been ridden by Geo. W. Baylor in the Paint Creek Indian fight, left Weatherford and on the sixth day landed in San Antonio, June 8th, 1862.

As long as things around me were

strange I was very well satisfied but after my surroundings lost interest from my acquaintance with them, seeing soldiers on every hand, that "war bee," which had been the cause of my being sent to San Antonio, got busy again, also I began to long for the fish ponds of Weatherford. I knew a boy in San Antonio, about my age, Charlie McLean, now of Laredo. I struck a cord in Charley which vibrated to my touch. One dark night, not long afterwards, Charlie and myself were on our way to nowhere, as far as we could tell. We had nothing to eat with us and depended upon such things as we could kill, for we each had a gun, and such food as kind hearted people would give us for the asking. After arriving at Austin about the third day, I met Col. Hardeman, who knew me and whom I knew evidently suspected something. After much inquiry and much urging he prevailed upon me to take my friend and go to his house, some seven miles out of the city. We stayed at Colonel Hardeman's several days, all of which was a trick to let my people in San Antonio know where I was. Col. Hardeman after much diplomacy, pervailed on me to return to San Antonio, telling me that I was too young to go to the war. So Charlie and I began to retrace our steps. We got as near our destination as the Cibolo, some eighteen miles, there we found a lot of Confederate soldiers camped ad as they had plenty to eat we saw no use in being in a hurry, so we camped near there for three or four days. While we were with the teamsters I received the most unkind cut of all. My father knowing my whereabouts, sent me a letter. I have never forgotten the contents. I remember it as though it were but yesterday that I received it. It read, thus:

San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. W. K Baylor.

Dear Sir:—The President of the United States, having heard that you had taken the field, has advised the President of the Confederate States that the war will no longer continue, so you had as well come home, as peace will be declared in a few days.

Respectfully, J. R. BAYLOR."

If you can imagine how a peacock feels when you pull out all of his tail feathers you will have some idea how I felt.

A Real Cowboy

The cowboy as pictured in fiction and on canvas is far different from the real cowboy as he is seen with the 101 Ranch Real Wild West Show. The demand for western characters has caused many to effect the chappels and neck handkerchief in imitationn of the real cowboy, but there are many things and characteristics about the cowboy of the ranch and plains that the would-be cowboy cannot imitate. He cannot imitate the loping gait of the genuine cow-herder nor can he have the same pair of beautifully bowed legs. All cowboys are bowlegged. This is a fact not known to everybody, but a fact nevertheless. When you see a man or boy in a suit of cowboy clothes and he is straight of carriage and you cannot see light between his knees, you may well put him down at once for a counterfeit and you will not be wronging him at all. They are not born bowlegged, but in infancy they are in the saddle and the best part of their lives is spent with the horse under them. It is the constant straddling of the horse that put the curve in their legs and you will not find one cowboy on the 101 ranch in Oklahoma who is not bent in the legs.

If you see a cowboy with his handkerchief tied in front you can also put him down for a base imitation of the real goods. It is not a matter of choice for the cowboy to wear his handkerchief around his neck. It is almost compulsory and it is equally compulsory to tie it behind and not under his chin. He wears it around his neck because it is easier to get at and ties it behind so that the larger portion is bagged in front and when in a storm or fast riding he has but to drop his chin in the bag like a fold and his face is immediately protected. Experience has made him an expert and with two motions he can drop his face on his breast and when he elevates it the handkerchief has been picked up around the face and shields it to the eyes. Any of the cowboys with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show can roll a cigarette with one hand and hold the bridle with the other. This is not considered any accomplishment but a necessity, for if the cowboy could not do it there would be many times when he would not smoke. The real cowboy is a cowboy pure and simple while the counterfeit is a cowboy only in dress.

Thirty Years a Preacher in Texas

By A. W. Young.

Thirty years ago the writer was a missionary preacher in the Chickacaw nation. The kind of preacher or creed exposed is of no moment at this time, and anyway the preaching was the smallest of job. There was only one other thing the contribution. But it may be that the the cotribution. But it may be that the contributions were in perfect accord with the sermons. A local Methodist preacher named Morris (a brother of I. T. Morris, well known as a Methodist minister and presiding elder in Southwest Texas, now on the superannuate list and residing at Brady, Texas) was seeking election as representative in the Arkansas Legislature 38 years ago, and the only thing that his opponent could say against him was that he was a preacher.

To this charge he replied: "I have thought that I was a preacher, but in the 10 years that I have been trying it, I have received $8 annd 12 watermelons, so the folks do not seem to think that I am a preacher to hurt." I can assure you that I was in the class in the Chickasaw Nation. While in that section I came in contact with Teras folks fore than ahy others, as the Texans had leased most all the southern part of the Indian Territory, and it was there that I heard, for the first time, the story of the old lady who advised folks not to go to Texas, saying: "Texas has more cows and less milk and butter, more creeks and rivers and less water, and more preachers and less religion than any other place on earth; and in Texas, when it rains it never quits and when it quits it never rains."

My range line in the Indian Territory was near the Old Chisholm Trail, and when I came across the line into Montague County, Texas, and located at Belcher, I was still on that old cow trail. The worn places, where thousands of cattle had trod, are still to be seen in the pastures, in both Texas and Oklahoma. Perhaps some old trail driver who reads this will remember Queen's Peak, nine miles north of Bowie, in Montague County, Texas, and Dripping Springs and Signal Peak about 25 miles above Red River. Some of them will also remember old Spanish Fort, or Burlington, on the banks of Red River, as it was a source of supplies, both wet and dry, for the cattlemen. But, even in the matter of wet goods the customers were by no means limited to the cattlemen, even church folks sometimes used wet goods, 30 to 40 years ago.

A certain congregation, grown large by reason of the work of several evangelists, in the southern part of the Indian Territory, said congregation numbering most of the folks of the community, with only a few remaining as members of other denominations, decided to have a Christmas dinner at the home of one of the deacons, and invite all the members to contribute to, attend and take part in the festivities. Some of the more unregenerate portion of the congregation decided to give egg-nogg as their part of the dinner, and they procured the whiskey from John Schrock, a saloonkeeper at Spanish Fort. When it became known that egg-nogg was to be on the bill of fare, the members of the church attended the dinner with more zeal than they had attended any other meetings since the summer revival. Their zeal seemed to be increased after dinner; and it could be plainly seen that they were enjoying their religion. While the extra zeal and fervor was of a spiritual nature, the spirit, in this case, was visible, tangible and rapidly disappearing. The net restult was that some of the brethren were unable to navigate, either horizontally or perpendicularly, and had to be hauled home. When the other part of the community, not members of this church, heard of the outcome of the Christmas dinner, they, too, became elated, and enthused almost as much as if they had partaken of the egg-nogg. It was just what they liked, wanted and were glad to have It furnished them good material for talking purposes and they did the talking. When the talk finally reached an acute stage, the brethren who had staged the Christmas dinner, decided that they must have a meeting of the church and take some action "to save the cause" in that community. In due time the church came together to consider the matter, with the preacher, who had attended the Christmas dinner, as

presiding officer. After much deliberation it was decided that the brethren who were known to have become intoxicated should make acknowledgement to the church, or be excluded. Some of the "erring brethren" confessed and others did not. It did not occur to the members of this church, who were all participants in the egg-nogg dinner, that they had made the test of a man's ability to do right, to live a Christian, his capacity for egg-nogg without symptoms of intoxication. The ones who had the greatest capacity for egg-nogg without symptoms of intoxication were the best Christians. of intoxication were the best Christians. The members who were easily intoxicated were clearly in error and must acknowledge (their incapacity to drink egg-nogg without getting drunk) or be excluded from the fellowship. Many church trials and family rows have about the same amount of justice and right in their determination that was had in the egg-nogg case, which is a true story.

The old Chisholm trail crossed Red River northwest of the present town of Nocona, Texas, which town was named after Peta Nacona a Comanche Indian, and the town was called Nacona for a time, and later changed to Nocona. The crossing was known as Red River Crossing, and still bears that name. It is almost due north of Belcherville. Belcherville was a flourishing town of 2,000 people, 35 years ago. It was named after Alex Belcher, who was for a number of years, its most prominent citizen. About 1890 the Rock Island railroad built their first line into Texas. The people of Belcherville were offered the line but they did not want to pay a bonus to get it. They said it could not afford to miss them, but it did and the town of Ringold came into existence, nine miles west of Belcherville, and the latter town began to go to pieces from that date. Today there is one store, a flag station on the M. K. & T. branch line from Whitesboro to Wichita Falls, and a postoffice, and the remainder is just farm and pasture. It happens to towns and communities, like it happens to individuals. When we are absolutely sure that some thing cannot be done to us, come fellow does it. We all remember the story of the lawyer, who upon being called to see a man who was in jail, and hearing his story, said "They can't put you in jail for a thing like that." To which the client replied: "Well maybe they can't but when you look at me, you see they did do it." Belcherville was called Belcher at first, but on account of so many folks writing like lawyers the postal clerks had a hard time with the mail for that place, as there was a postoffice named Bulcher, in Cook County so the ville was added to Belcher, and it has been a case of subtraction nearly ever since. While Belcherville was a prosperous town, they built a nice brick school building and issued bonds to pay for it. For the last 15 years the special tax has not been sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds, and the school house is nearly a mile away from what is left of the town. From the railroad that school house looks like a lonely monument to something that had departed. Thirty years ago, P. W. Horn, who later became Superintendent of the Houston public schools was superintendent at Belcherville, and his brother, E. Y. Horn also taught for a time. In the political campaign of 1896 the candidates for county and district offices opened their campaign at Belcherville. At that time Tom Garrison was sheriff of Montague County, Jack Davis was county clerk, and Dee Hard was district clerk. The campaign song was "There will be a hot time in the old town tonight" or at least several parodies on that then popular song. Montague County was then part of the old fifth district and was represented in congress by Joe Bailey, of Gainsville, and to say that Bailey was popular in those days, is to put it mildly. The day the candidates opened at Belcherville they were introduced by a man form Arkansas who said that he sympathized with all of them because he had been a candidate himself, and a successful one too, having held every office from road overseer to justice of the peace, with more or less distinction. The county officers mentioned above all moved to Oklahoma in later years, Tom Garrison and Dee Hart moved to Duncan and took part in the politics of its early days. Garrison has one daughter living in Texas, the wife of Judge Charles F. Spencer of Wichita Falls, Texas. (Judge Spencer is a brother of Judge French Spencer of San Antonio.) Bill Davis moved to Comanche and was mayor of that town for a long time. Bill was a story teller of the

first class Of the ones that seemed good to me, I recall this one. "An Arkansas farmer was elected squire, and the whole family were very much elated. That night one of the boys said "Pap we're all squires now ain't we?" to which the mother replied quickly: "You shet up John, there ain't none of us squires but me an your pap."

So Bill said that there was none of them county clerks but he and his wife, and they liked the job One candidate for sheriff said that when he was only 14 years old that he had been put in charge of a prisoner by the justice of the peace, and when he was relieved the justice told him that he would make a good sheriff some day and he said that he had been thinking so ever since. One candidate paid several compliments to the ladies, and I heard this one for the first time: "Women are a whole lot smarter than men. When a man loses his hair he buys all kinds of hair restorers from the barber and drug stores, but when women need hair they do not waste any time on hair restorers. They buy hair." One candidate advocated some new things in the business of running the affairs of the county and his opponent told this one: "A newspaper man from a small town visited the city and was much interested in the work of getting out the big city dailies. But he did not find anything that he could adapt to his paper, except the bulletin board which the dailies had on the sidewalk with advance bits of interesting news. He thought that he could use that feature. So he rigged up a nice bulletin board and waited for something to happen. The first thing of more than ordinary importance was the illness and death of the Methodist minister, which he bulletined as follows: "10 a. m.—Brother Smith, the Methodist minister seriously ill. 12 — Noon. Brother Smith growing worse, not expected to recover. 2 p. m.—Brother Smith sinking rapidly. Can only live a short time. 4 p. m.—Brother Smith departed for heaven. To which a waggish citizen added, on the sly: "6 p. m.—Great excitement in heaven. Brother Smith has not arrived."

Early Settlers in Cherokee County

George W. Wood was a native of the State of Alabama and at the age of twenty he married Miss Jane Killough and came to Texas in 1836. He first settled in Cherokee county just before the war with the Cherokee Indians. They became so dangerous that the settlers went to Nacogdoches county for safety. In the fall, however, it became necessary for them to return to Cherokee county to gather the crops they had planted before leaving. This was in the fall of 1837. While on the way back to their homes Mr. Wood and other settlers met an old friendly Indian who warned them of danger and advised them not to go back into Cherokee county. This advice was not heeded and they proceeded on their way. Besides Wood there were Allen Killough and his family.

On arriving at their homes they found that the old Indian had told the truth about the country being full of hostile Indians. The fences around their farms had all been burned out and their crops were exposed to the ravages of stock which had been left there. Very imprudently they concluded to remain and gather what little of their crops remained. Accordingly they went to work and were making good progress, having high hope that they would be able to finish without being molested by the Indians. One day, however, as they were going to their house for dinner they were fired on from ambush. Several were instantly killed and the balance scattered in disorder, each trying to save himself or his own family.

Mr. Wood was unhurt and succeeded in getting to his house and moving his family, into the woods. Returning however, to get some provisions he found a band of Indians at the house who instantly killed him and then taking his trail found his family and captured the whole lot and carried them away prisoners. None of this unhappy family was ever heard of again except one little boy. He became a chief among the Indians after growing to manhood. Allen Killough, his wife and five children were lost in the fight and the scattered retreat of that day. Killough was supposed to have been killed and his family captured.

Two of the families made their escape.

Old man Killough and his two sons were killed in the yard by the pursuing Indians after they had almost gained the door. There were also two other men killed about one hundred yards from the house. Six persons in all were killed and ten prisoners taken captive. Among the prisoners was a Miss Killough and Miss Williams. They were never heard of again.

There were three women left in the house unhurt, one of them the wife of old man Killough and two others, unmarried. Strange to say, the Indians did not try to hurt them or carry them off. There were several Mexicans with the Indians who could talk broken English and when old man Killough was killed his wife ran out and begged one of the Mexicans, who was dressed similar to an Indian, to kill her too. He cursed her and told her to go back into the house.

The Indians finally left and these three women were left to weep over their slain friends and relatives. An old friendly Indian, probably the same one who had warned the whites of their danger, finally came and conveyed the desolate and heart-broken women back to Nacogdoches county. It seems from all that we can gather in regard to this sad affair that Wood and Killough had settled together and had a crop in common but lived in seperatehouses and that some people with families came with them from Nacogdoches county and were helping gather the crop.

In the winter of 1842 five Indians came into the settlement on the Colorado to get some horses and spent the night searching for them, but when daylight came they had succeeded in getting only one. They concluded to leave but lost their way in a fog and when it lifted found themselves near the house of Michael Young. His little son was out hunting calves and the Indians discovered him and roped him, intending to carry him away captive. The boy was quick, slipped the rope from his neck, made a break for the house and escaped. When his father heard the news he mounted his horse and collected some of his neighbors to pursue the Indians.

There had been heavy rains for several days and the trail of the Indians was easily followed. In twelve miles the Comanches were sighted going over the hill and the white men waited until they were out of sight and then charged after them.

Coming to the crest of the ridge, the mounted Indian was discovered in about two hundred yards of them at the head of a deep ravine. The settlers at first were reluctant to charge him, fearing a decoy into an ambush, but as the ground around was all open prairie they made the charge. When the Indians saw them coming one of those on foot sprang up behind one of the mounted ones, but a shot from one of the white men at this time brought the horse down and all of the Indians were left on foot. Theyl then separated, running in different directions.

There were fifteen settlers on horseback who now joined in the pursuit and it seemed but a few minutes would be sufficient to run down and kill the bunch, but an Indian on foot was hard to get. They run swiftly and never seem to tire and make curves and use all of their strategy in trying to throw off and elude their pursurers and have been known to draw out and scatter their enemies and then turn and fight them in detail until they not only escaped but inflict severe loss on their pursuers. It took four hours to get all of this bunch, and the last one was killed twelve miles from where the chase commenced.

A Mr. Haynes singled out an Indian and ram him for some distance; getting a good shot he brought him to the ground. Dismounting he approached the body with an empty gun when suddenly the Indian raised up and was about to send an arrow into Haynes but he was so near by making a quick spring he hit the Indian over the head with his gun and knocked him down, causing the arrow, which he was adjusting to the bow string, to fall. The Comanche arose again to continue the battle and tried to get another arrow to his string, but Haynes hit him another blow, which killed him.

Mr. Young also made a narrow escape under similar circumstances. He also shot down an Indian and went up to him with his empty gun on his shoulder. The prostrate Comanche lay still until the settler came close and then raised up in the twinkling of an eye and sent an arrow into his breast. All that saved Young was the waning strength of the dying Indian, the arrow failing to penetrate deep but making a painful wound which was a long time healing.

A Vivid Story of Trail Driving Days

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Of the dimming trails of other days in the old west none survives in memory with more glamor of romance than the old Texas trail, over which the long-horn cattle of the southwest were driven from the Guadalupe river as far north, almost, as the Canadian line to stock the great grass ranges of the central west and the northwest and transform a vast buffalo country into an enormous cattle and sheep-breeding range. For a decade and a half, from about 1870 to 1885, the Texas trail had its days of glory and served its purpose. Then came the "nester" with his wire fences around the water holes and state quarantine laws, and the trail was closed to the longhorns and the cowpunchers. Today it lives only in the memories of a few fast-disappearing, grizzled veterans of the cow days. At the cow man's conventions that have succeeded the old roundup you may occasionally hear a couple of the old cattle men living over the trail days again, and if you listen you are likely to get a few thrills from the tales told, for never did peril and adventure, comedy and tragedy, follow one after another more rapidly than along the trail across the continent from the southwest.

During the Civil war and for several years afterward cattle in Texas increased by the hundreds of thousands, but it was not until 1870 that the growers could find a market for them, following the settlement of the Indian question, whereby the red men of the southwest were forced to go either into the Indian Territory or on the reservations north of the Platte river. Then the Texas trail had its beginnings.

At first it started from southern Texas and ran north and east, the first herds striking the railroad at Caldwell, Kansas, annd some going as far north as Lincoln, Nebraska, which formed the terminus between 1870 and 1873. In 1874 the end of the trail was moved farther west to Lowell, on the Platte river. In those days, the cattle were either shipped in July from the Platte to Chicago or sold to settlers in eastern Nebraska for $10 or $12 a head, mostly on time payments.

In 1878 the treaty with the Sioux Indians was made and in 1879 more than 300,000 cattle went up the trail and crossed Red River, continuing to Dodge City and north to Ogalalla.

The first cattle outfits that took the trail in 1871 were described as "tough." In fact the men had to be tough as hickory knots to stand the hardships. There was usually an old Confederate wagon with a negro cook and a span of work bulls. Little bedding was carried and no tents. The food taken along consisted of sorghum molasses, beans, bacon, and plenty of salt, but no sugar. A few years later the trail outfits were considerably improved. The equipment usually consisted of a mess wagon with a four-horse team, bed wagons that carried the "tarps" and blankets, slickers, better food and—lots of salt. A trail outfit was made up of from nine to 11 men, including the wagon boss, cook, horse wrangler and six or eight cowpunchers, usually the latter number. Two of these rode on the lead, or point, two on the flanks, two on the "swing," and two "drag" drivers.

At his cattle ranch in Fergus county, Montana, known as the "Three Deuce" because of his brand, lives E. C. Abbot, better known as "Teddy Blue," who is probably the foremost living authority on the Texas trail and its history.

"I learned all the arts of the cowpuncher in 1871 from Sam Bass, a noted train robber, who worked on my father's ranch," said Abbot recently, in talking over old times on the range. "Sam Bass, although a road agent and bad man, was quite a popular figure among cowpunchers, and after his career was cut short the well-known cowboy song that was sung on every cattle range in America was composed. There were verses innumerable, the first one running:

"Sam Bass was born in Indiana;
It was his native home,
And at the age of seventeen,
Young Sam began to roam.
He started out for Texas,
A cowboy for to be;
A better-hearted feller
You'd seldom ever see."

"It recited in much detail the various

exploits of Sam, and likewise his tragic ending. It was perhaps the best-known cowboy song in the old days.

"Life on the trail in the early '70s was not exactly a bed of roses. The boys would start north with from 1,500 to 2,000 cattle that were wild as buffaloes and take them a thousand miles through an unknown country. Sometimes a sudden electric storm at night or some other cause would start a stampede and then it was up to every man on guard to risk his life to hold the herd. Sometimes Indians or a gang of Mexicans would slip up near the cattle on fast horses, pop a blanket in the darkness to start a stampede of the longhorns and try to run them off. Not infrequently gun fights would follow and perhaps daybreak would show a few Mexicans or Indians dead on the prairie.

"When a stampede started the cowboys guarding the herd would pull their six-shooters and begin shooting as they swung with the lead and tried to throw the fear-crazed cattle into a mill, which means to get them running in a circle instead of streaking off over the prairie. As they galloped along as fast as they could send their cayuses, the boys would sing cow songs, which were supposed to exercise a soothing effect on the cattle. This night work with a stampeded herd was dangerous and many men were killed. A horse would stumble and fall In a flash the running herd passed over pony and rider. Next morning both would be found literally ground into the earth. A shallow, unmarked grave would be the last resting place of the unfortunate cowpuncher.

"Every cowpuncher realized the peril of trying to head a stampede, but I can say with truth that I never knew one to falter or shirk. It was often impossible to head off the herd that had started running, and daylight might find the cattle and their guards 10 or 20 miles away from camp. Then the tired punchers would have to wait till their relief came, sometimes for many hours. Of all the herds that came up the trail in the 15 years of its existence, I never knew of a herd being turned loose or lost. Nothing but death excused a cowpuncher for leaving his herd until his relief came.

"The first break of day was breakfast time. Then a short time was allowed for letting the herd graze before they were thrown into the trail. At noon if water was reached, half of the boys would ride into camp to eat and change horses, hurrying out to relieve their comrades. The herd was kept on the trail till the sun began to get low, when it was grazed onto the bedground. The first guard would hold until 10 o'clock; the second till midnight; the third till 2 o'clock and the last guard held till daybreak. On bad nights half the men stood guard till midnight or later, and if the herd was acting badly and half the punchers could not hold them, the whole outfit would ride all night. Then they would throw the herd onto the trail and ride all day. 'Catch up your sleep next winter,' the trail boss would say. 'This herd's got to move if the earth stops running.'

"One time on Plum creek, near the Platte river, I remember, we had had two bad nights and nobody had got a wink of sleep for nearly 60 hours. My partner rode up to me and said: "Teddy, old boy, I'm going north clear to Greenland where the nights is six months long. I m going to bed early and not get up until 10 o'clock the next day.'

"Loss of sleep was the worst thing on the trail. I've many a time rubbed tobacco in my eyes to keep them open. But when you rode into camp finally and got a cup of hot coffee you'd forget it and even be ready for another guard without resting.

"The trail boss had to do more riding than any of the rest of the outfit, for he had to know where water was a day ahead of reaching it. As we were always going into new country, it kept him guessing, as all drives were made according to where water was. Some would be long and others short. We would have dry drives 40 miles long. After we had watered on a long drive like that, the boss would push his herd along the trail away into the night. The next morning if the wind was in the north we were all right, for the herd couldn't smell the water we had left behind, we had to work our way out, for they would try to break back to water again. If the herd got away and back to water, we felt that we had lost our reputations, Cattle, when the wind is right, can smell water 50 miles away, old cowpunchers believe. I remember in '82 a herd of Harry Landers was going into

Green river, and when five miles away the wind blew from another quarter and they ran 30 miles before they reached the water they smelled. I have seen another herd, going in on water not two miles away, catch a wind from one side, turn like one cow and run 10 miles to another stream or lake.

"Then there was another chance for trouble in watering a herd. The trail boss had hit a big river just at the right time of day. If the sun reflected in their eyes and there was enough breeze to make waves the longhorns wouldn't take the water. In '83 a well-known trail boss, Johnny Lea, was four days crossing the Yellowstone river with a herd because of a scare they got.

"It was a pretty sight to see a big herd strung out on the trail in the morning, the sun glistening on their horns—half a mile of solid cattle with horse herd and wagon in the lead. The silver conchos on spurs and bridles and the pearl-handled six-shooters of the cowpunchers flashed in the sun and they made a brave showing. Cowpunchers of that time wore the best quality of clothing and took great pride in their outift. They got to be a distinct type and class. They would go back to Texas after a drive north, work all winter gathering a herd in the brush and then start north again in the spring. Many a time I've heard a Texas cowpuncher singing that old song:

"We go up north every spring
And come back in the fall.
We are bound to follow the Lone Star trail
Until we get too old—until we get too old.'

"Of course, the punchers thought it would last forever.

"As I said, a day's drive was sometimes as long as 40 miles, but the average was only 10 or 15 miles, according to the the best time for they were comparatively easy to handle. It was when an outfit moved all their range cattle north that the trouble began. The boys always took great pride in getting the herd through in good shape, though, and resented any slurs cast at their trail boss and the way he handled his outfit. They were surely loyal to their employers and to one another.

"Often the owner of a herd we were taking north would show up where we crossed the railroad, look the herd over and say, 'So long, boys, I'll see you in Miles City,' He would then take the train and go there, sit around the hotel, drinking whiskey, playing poker and bragging about his outfit. 'I've got the best damned out fit of cowpunchers on the trail,' he would declare. 'Why, that herd's good beef right now' Of course, when we heard of such talk it made the salt taste better.

"Some owners new at the business occasionally tried to run their outfits on the trail, but once was enough, for no one ever paid the slightest attention to them. The old timers among the owners would tell their range bosses to send an outfit somewhere to receive a herd and trail it to some place in Montana or Wyoming. The range boss would call a wagon boss, hand him a big roll of bills and say: 'Fill up your outfit in men and horses when you take over the herd down south. Turn loose on the Big Dry in Montana. So long; the old man will meet you in Miles City.' The job would be done right; just as well as if the trail boss owned the herd. The big rivers might run banks full, thunder and lightning might stampede the herd; every kind of trouble might come—but leave it to the trail boss to cross the Yellowstone on time.

"The longest drive ever made on the Texas trail in one season was in 1884 when Johnny Burgess, now living at Rosebud, Montana, took a herd of 2,000 from the Guadalupe river in Texas to the month of the Musselshell river in Montana. That was only half of the herd, the second outfit being in charge of John Bowen, another well-known trail boss.

"In most outfits the cowpunchers used to work together well and, as I said, they were always loyal to one another. If one or two were hurt or sick they rode the wagon, and the others did their work cheerfully. Very few orders were given for every man knew his work, had his place and keptit. Trail cooks were rough and ready, but fast in their work. They would drive four horses over cutbanks, across deep coulees and through deep, swift streams sometimes. They would curse a lot but always have their meals on time. The horse wrangler, who had charge of the horse herd, used to help the cook rustle fuel and water. We would often go all summer without see-

ing a newspaper, but often met a "rep," as the representative of an outfit's brand was called, traveling from one roundup to another. He would stop and eat dinner with us or stay all night in our camp and then we got all the range news from Texas to the British line. Those boys were sure welcome in a trail camp.

"There were few cowpunchers in the northwest who had not made a trip on the trail at least once and many of years traveling it. The proudest boast of any of them was 'we held the herd'. Also few of then ever quit a friend in a tight place. There are not many of them left. Many have gone with the longhorns which are but a memory in the northwest today. A few are living on their ranches mostly up and down the Rocky mountains. They were a type, and that type has vanished from the west as completely as the buffalo."

Battled Indians in Western Texas

The services to West Texas of General Nelson A. Miles, who died recently in Washington were overlooked in the published biographies of the noted Indian fighter, according to R. C. Crane of Sweetwater, president of the West Texas Historical Society.

In a paper prepared for the society by Mr. Crane, General Miles' campaign in Texas Panhandle in 1874-75 against the Indians following the battle of the Adobe Walls in 1874 in Hutchinson county is shown in details compiled from war department records. At this time the principal sustenance of the Indian tribes was buffalo. Great inroads had been made on the herds by buffalo hunters and the Indians went on the warpath to save their food and clothing supply.

At one time General Miles had over 2,000 men under his command in West Texas and the Panhandle and when these troops had finished their work, the territory was prepared for settlement.

According to Mr. Crane, the first battle of the Adobe Walls was fought in Hutchinson county in 1864 while the war between the States was in progress. At that time the old Santa Fe trail was infested with Comanches, Kiowas and other depredating Indians. Kit Carson, with a force of 321 men, stood off a group of savages estimated to number more than 3,000. Carson returned to Fort Bascom, N. M., from whence he started, and asked for 700 more men. He did not get them and the incident was closed for ten years. In this engagement the Indians lost over sixty of their number. In the opinion of Judge Crane, this was the original battle of the Adobe Walls, which were built in 1840 by the people of Bents Fort on the Arkansas river.

By the spring of 1874, buffalo hunting in the Panhandle was in full swing and the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Comanches were restless on their reservations in Western Oklahoma. Buffalo hides had a commercial value and over 4,000,000 of the animals were slaughtered in 1872-4 in the Texas Panhandle and sections north. The Indians depended on buffalo for food, clothing and shelter, and in 1864 the Texas Panhandle had been set aside or the Indians' exclusive hunting grounds. The Middle West had been reached by the railroads several years earlier and buffalo were becoming so scarce the hunters disregarded the Indian treaty. About fifty of them, with thirty wagons, came down from Dodge City, Kan., and established headquarters at Adobe Walls in Hutchinson county in 1874. Stores were established and soon the Panhandle was dotted with buffalo camps while the freight wagons plied between Dodge City and Adobe Walls with hides, and with ammunition and supplies.

After a pow wow at Medicine Ridge in Oklahoma (Indian Territory then) the Indian tribes took the war path, killing, burning and plundering. Four buffalo hunters near Adobe Walls were killed and the other hunters in this section hastily repaired to that little settlement for protection. According to the records there were twenty-eight men in the saloon and two store buildings that comprised Adobe Walls of June 27, 1874. The Indians attacked, but after several days of fighting were beaten off with several of the buffalo hunters killed as well as many Indians.

This attack was reported to Washington and on July 21, General Miles was ordered to take charge of the campaign

against the Indians. He left Fort Dodge with a force of 900 men, well equipped. At the same time Major Price was ordered east from Fort Bascom, N. M., and he came down the Canadian with about 250 men. Lieutenant Colonel Davidson was ordered west to the Panhandle with about 250 men from Fort Sill, while General Mackenzie, at that time headquartering at Fort Griffin, near Albany, Texas, was ordered north—all converging on the Texas Panhandle with orders to crush the Indians.

General Mackenzie's force, part of which had been drawn from Fort Concho at San Angelo, took up its station in Blanco Canyon in Crosby county, to head off any of the Indians driven south by the other troops.

Stiff engagements followed, and the Indians were harried continually throughout that winter and on into the spring of 1875. Hundreds of Indians were killed. Their ponies were killed or captured, their favorite haunts cleaned out. Under General Miles' relentless plan of war there was no rest for the red man.

In a few short months, the powerful Indian tribes had gone forth in the possession of thousands of ponies, weapons of war, etc., were thoroughly subjugated, humbled and impoverished, being finally driven to surrender their arms.

Buffalo hunting in the Panhandle stopped while all this was going on, but in a little while the hunters began to work out from Fort Griffin, south of the line held by General Mackenzie. C. C. Rath, who had one of the stores at Adobe Walls when the Indians attacked it, established a store at the south edge of Stonewall county which became in due time Rath City, a typical frontier town with saloons, etc. The place can still be located on Pringle Moore's ranch, about twelve miles northwest of Hamlin, by a few graves and several traces of cellars and adobe walls.

The slaughter of the buffalo continued. During the winter of 1876-7 one outfit operating out of Yellowhouse Canyon slaughtered 7,500 and cured over 100,000 pounds of meat. On the recommendation of General Miles, as insurance against further possible incursion of Indians, Fort Elliott had been established in Wheeler county, but there was no further organized depredations by them, although scattered raids still continued for years.

General Miles' settlement of the Indian question permitted the abandonment of numerous West Texas forts. Fort Richardson in Jack county was abandoned in 1878, Fort Griffin in 1881, Fort McKavett in 1883, Fort Stockton in 1886, Fort Concho in 1889 and Elliott in 1890. Only forts at San Antonio and El Paso, with a few scattered posts along the Rio Grande were retained. The cattlemen soon recognized the possibilities of West Texas and its settlement was soon under full swing, after General Miles had prepared the way.

Indians in Native Homes.

It is not generally known that Wisconsin boasts of the largest Indian population east of the Mississippi, the census of 1910 giving 10,142, of whom the most numerous were the Chippewa or Ojibway, the Oneida, Menomini, Winnebago, Potawatomi, Brothertowns and Stockbridges. Since 1910, however, the number of Indians has increased considerably.

After Wisconsin follows North Carolina with 7,851, mainly Cherokee and Croatians; Michigan with 7,519, Chippewa, Ottawa and Potawatomi; New York with 6,046, mostly Iroquois, and Mississippi with 1,253, principally Choctaw. The census fell down on Florida, however, as only 74 Indians were reported, of whom 16 were said to be Seminoles. There are probably in excess of 500 Seminoles in the Everglades.

Most of the Indians enumerated above are in their native homes, but the Oneida, Brothertowns and Stockbridges of Wisconsin are all originally New York or New England Indians who purchased lands of the Menomini and moved west in 1830--1840.

The Oneida are one of the well-known Iroquois tribes of the Five Nations, the Brothertowns are made up of remnants of various Algonkain peoples, including the Narrangansett, Montauk, Pequot and Mohegan. The Stockbridg are likewise much mixed, but are principally Mahikans — Mohicans — from the Hudson river below Albany.

The Oneida, Brothertown and Stockbridges have lost all traces of their ancient life and customs, although the Oneida still retain their language.

—Adventure Magazine.

Coronado's Expedition in 1540

The Western Weekly May 18, 1924.

Coronado and the Seven Cities of Cibola! What a world of romance and adventure the phrase implies.

And especially true is this as far as West Texas is concerned, for Coronado and his cavaliers probably were the first white man to set foot upon the Plains of West Texas. It was so long ago their journey has taken on a legendary flavor, although it happened beyond a doubt.

Recently a writer in the Kansas City Star dug up a lot of interesting stuff about this famous journey, and it is presented herewith:

Nearly four centuries—384 years come mid-summer, to be exact—have elapsed since the aboriginal Kansas Indians, dozing in front of their grass-thatched tents on the prairies somewhere between the Arkansas River and the present Kansas Nebraska line, beheld an apparition that must have aroused their stolid souls to a wonder passing any they had ever known before. The thunders of heaven, hailstone storms pelting down upon them missles as big as hen eggs, winds that uprooted trees and funnel shaped clouds that often swept their villages bare as the prairies, these natural phenomena they had grwn familiar with and they could read the signs of their coming. But the marvelous cavalcade of steel-clad men, mounted on strange animals—for horses these Indians had never seen before—that suddenly dawned on their vision, riding up from the south, was something of which even their dreams furnished no preconceptions. Fancy the Bowmen of Mons desceding from their cloudy battlements in these latter days and galloping some hazy summer's morning through the streets, say of Topeka, and some idea may be fashioned of what the coming of Coronado and his horsemen meant to those Quiverans away back there only fifty years after Columbus had discovered America, sixty years before Jamestown was founded and seventy-nine years before the Mayflower sailed. It was the culminating scene of the first great drama of North American exploration—a golden dream of adventure that might have had for its inspiration the motto of the state that was centuries afterwards to find birth on the soil of Quivera—ad astra per aspera—except that Coronado's stars vanished in disillusionment.

It is an old story, that story of Coronado's marvelous march from far off Mexico to the plains of Kansas—perhaps farther to the junction of the two rivers that inspired and made good the prophecy of Benton, the Kaw and the Missouri. The men who first gazed at the Pacific "silent upon a peak in Darien" saw no greater wonders than those that were unfolded to Coronado's men in the vast solitudes through which, for thousands of miles, they plunged in search of the golden fleece—moving through the desert and wilderness, over mountains and plains, with the method and discipline, sometimes with the severity and cruelty, yet always with the daring and courage of the armies of Old Spain in the hey day of its military glory. For the first time on this wonderful expedition white men looked down on the sublime beauties of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, explored the mysterious civilization of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," swept their eyes across oceans of buffalo undulating across the Texas plains and met, in the center of the new continent, aboriginal Indians who dwelt in cities and cultivated some of the arts of civilization. An old story it is, but one whose romantic appeal seems ever new.

For the real epicures of romance—those who enjoy its pristine flavors, as in the Arthurian legends of Malory rather than in the stately idyls of Tennyson—the story should be read in the pages of the original chroniclers of Coronado's expedition, the narrative of Juan de Castanela,, "the account given by Captain Juan Jaramillo of the Journey which he made to the New Country," the anonymous Relacion del Sucese, an "account of what happened on the Journey which Francisco Vasquez made to discover Cibola," and the letters of Coronado himself to Mendoza, viceroy of New Spain, and to the king of Spain, all of which are available in English translations.

In these original documents, with clarifying footnotes by modern archaeologists, the history of Coronado's march may be read in all the freshness of Con-

temperaneous colorings. They are the bases of the endless, and perhaps ultimately futile, speculations that have since been indulged in is to the exact route that Coronado pursued and the precise location of the "Kingdom of Quivera." The truth as to both of these approximate truth as to both of these approximate archaeological problems will perhaps be all that will ever be arrived at. The identification of the "Seven Cities of Cibola" with the Zuni villages of Arizona and New Mexico has been placed beyond all doubt and the route from Old Mexico to Bernalillo, New Mexico, has been fairly well traced. From Bernalillo—the Tiguez of the chroniclers—it was that Coronado, with a detachment of his army, turned his steps towards the north star and the dream city of Quivera. Quivera, it is now reasonably certain, was a settlement of Indians—numbered in the thousands—belonging to the Washita tribe, or Pawnee Picts, the only known tribe of plains Indians who built "houses of the kind described by Coronado's chroniclers—tepees thatched with the native grasses and having "upper stories." The exact location of Quivera, however, still affords a topic of wide discussion among archaeologists, though the greatest probabilities and the most reasonable deductions seem to favor a site somewhere in the neighborhood of Junction City, where the Smoky and the Republican Rivers unite to form the Kaw. It seems quite likely, however, that scouting parties of Coronado's men came close to the Kansas-Nebraska line and also to the site of Kansas City.

But it is not with the meticulous quarrels of the learned interpreters of the narratives of the old chroniclers that we are now concerned in turning back once more to their quaint pages. It is merely to indulge again the "glory and the freshness of the dream" that places the adventure of Coronado and his "knights of Spain" in the relms of pure romance. It was the flower of the adventurous nobles of New and Old Spain that made up that army of Coronado—300 horsemen, 800 Indian natives, several hundred servants and a commissariat that comprised thousands of cattle and great supplies of food and ammunition. It was an army of Dons in armour, so far as the horsemen were concerned—a brilliant array of the young Spanish aristocracy.

Among this army of captains and Dons will be noted the name of Juan Gallego, who, though he failed to be with his general on the final march to Quivera, has, by a curious trick of fate, become more closely linked with the expedition, in modern interest, than most of the brave company that rode with him from Compostela, Mexico, February 23, 1540. Gallego's sword —a blade of Toledo—is now in the state historical museum at Topeka, Kas., almost the only indubitable tangible evidence of the presence of Coronado's men in Kansas. Somewhere along the line of march he parted with this sword, perhaps to some sworn brother in arms, and 340 years later it was found buried in Finney County, Kansas, near an old Indian mound. It bears his name and the inscription in Spanish: "No me saques sin razon, no me enbaines sin honor."—"Draw me not without reason, sheath me not without honor." Like Ney, this Juan Gallego was one of the "bravest of the brave" in that army of Coronado, though it is to be doubted, from the accounts of Castaneda, whether he always remembered the motto engraved upon his sword. As a guerilla leader Capt. Juan Gallego of the sword would have made his mark.

"In the last chapter," writes Castaneda, "I passed in silence over the exploits of Juan Gallego. I will relate them now, so that in times to come those who read about them or tell about them may have a reliable authority on whom to rely. The captain, Juan Gallego, reached the town of Culiacan with a small force. With twentytwo men he marched through all the settled country, across which he traveled two hundred leagues with the country in a state of war and the people in rebellion, having encounters with the enemy almost every day. He marched with the advance guard, leaving two-thirds of the force behind with the baggage. With six or seven men, and without any of the Indian allies, he forced himself into their villages, killing and destroying and setting them on fire, coming upon the enemy so suddenly and with such quickness and boldness that they did not have a chance to collect or do anything at all, until they became so afraid of him that there was not a town which dared wait for him, but they fled before him as from a powerful army, so

much so, that for ten days, while passing through the settlements, they did not have an hour's rest. He did all this with his seven companions, so that when the rest of the force came up with the baggage there was nothing for them to do except pillage, since the others had already killed and captured all the people they could lay their hands on and the rest had fled." A dashing, remorseless captain was this Juan Gallego, whose stained sword now rests peacefully in the Kansas museum— a very D'Artagnan of the Spanish cavaliers, a Quantrell of the earliest border.

Nothing daunted, nothing amazed those adventurous Dons, though they daily faced fresh wonders. In the simplest of language the discovery of the Grand Canyon described—as simple, and yet as sublime, as Shakespeare's famous description of Dover Cliff. After they had gone twenty days they came to the banks of the river which seemed to be more than three or four leagues(about 10 miles) in an airline across to the other bank of the stream that flowed beneath them. They spent three days on this bank looking for a passage down to the river, which looked from above as if water was but six feet across, though the Indians said it was half a league wide. It was impossible to descend for after these three days Captain Melgose and one Juan Goleras and another companion, the three lightest and most agile men made an attempt to go down and went down until those that remained above were unable to keep sight of them. They returned about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, not having succeeded in reaching the bottom on account of the great difficulties which they found. Those who stayed above had estimated that some huge rocks on the sides of the cliff seemed to be as tall as a man, but those who went down swore that when they reached these rocks they were bigger than the great tower of Seville, which is 275 feet high."

Some sense of humor, too, those wandering Dons had, and a simple credulity that was almost childlike. One of the Indian chiefs they nicknamed Whiskers, because he had a walrus-like mustache, and another they called "The Turk," because "he looked like a Turk." It was this Turk that was responsible for the expedition to Quivira. He was a native of that country and he must have been either a poet or a most pictureque prevaricator. Here is the story he told that led Coronado and his men across the deserts into lands untrodden by the foot of white men:

"The Turk said that in his country (Quivera) there was a river in the level country which was two leagues wide, in which there were fish as big as horses, and large numbers of very big canoes, with more than twenty rowers on a side, and that they carried sails, and that their lords sat on the poop under golden awnings and on the prow they had a great golden eagle. He said also that lord of that country took his afternoon nap under a great tree on which were hung a great number of gold bells which put him to sleep as they swung in the air. He said that everyone had their ordinary dishes made of wrought plate and the jugs and bowls were of gold." Tennyson, with his Lotos land, did no better than this vision builder of the primeval wilderness. It was a great joke on Coronado and his men, but, in the end, they turned the joke on "The Turk." They garroted him when they came in sight of the straw houses of the Quiverans.

Not all of Coronado's army that marched out of Compostela in such brilliant arrays made the journey to the Kansas plains. Doubting the ability of his men to "feed off the country" Coronado, like a good general, left the bulk of his army at Tiguez(Bernallilo) and with only thirty horse-men and six Indians he pushed on across the Red River, up through the western part of what is now Oklahoma, to the Arkansas River, near Great Bend, and thence on to Quivera— wherever it was.

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The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

I remained several days in my comfortable quarters, feasting on the good things I found in them, and reading books I selected from the library. On the evening of the third day of my sojourn at the house, feeling a little unwell (I rather think I had been indulging somewhat too freely in "fried chicken"), I concluded I would take a short stroll around my domains by way of exercise. After going a few hundred yards I turned to take a bird's eye view of my surroundings, and I exclaimed as Crusoe did on his island:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,"

except, I mentally added, a marauding party of Mexicans or Indians, and now and then a wild cat.

Whilst passing through some tall grass, I came very near treading on a rattlesnake, the first I had seen in Texas, although some portions of the country I had passed over was much infested with them, but the season then was hardly far enough advanced to bring them out of their dens or holes in which they take up their winter quarters. Often since, when passing over some of the uninhabited plains between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, I have found them so numerous in particular localities, that I was scarcely ever out of hearing of the sound of their rattles. They are not, however, nearly so vicious in Texas as they are in some other countries and seldom attempt to strike, unless attacked. I have slept with them, ridden and walked over them frequently, and instead of trying to bite me they always did their best to get out of the way—except on one occassion. I was stalking some deer one day in the prairie, when I stepped upon a rattlesnake lying coiled up in the grass. I knew even before I saw it, by the peculiar squirmy feel under my foot that I had put it on a snake, and I promptly "lit out" without waiting for orders. On the morning of the fourth day of my sojourn at this house, I concluded I had regained my strength sufficiently to take the road once more, or rather the woods and prairies. Preparatory to leaving, I packed up as much sugar, coffee and bacon as I could carry, together with five or six pounds of meal, which I had ground upon a steel mill. I also put a tin cup in my knapsack, and several other articles which I thought would be useful to me. When ready to start I stuck a couple of carving knives (which I had also found at this house) in my belt, and, bidding adieu to my dogs, after I had given them middlings enough to last them for a month, I set out on my travels again. But, to my great dismay, when I had got a few hundred yards from the house, I found I had not consulted the wishes of the dogs about leaving them, and that the whole pack was following close at my heels—suspecting, I suppose, from the preparations they had seen me making, that I was going 'for good". I tried to drive them back by throwing sticks and other things at them, but it was all to no purpose. They would stop whenever I did, but the minute I started they followed on. I knew it would be impossible for me to travel safely through a country in which I would be liable at any time to meet marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians with a half dozen dogs at my heels, and finding I could not get rid of them, I determined to go back to the house, wait there until night, and then quietly leave them. So I returned, and passed another day very pleasantly at my house, looking over the books in my library, and cooking and eating at short intervals.

Before I retired to my apartment, I noticed particularly where the dogs were sleeping, and about midnight I got up, quietly shouldered my pack of provisions, and left the house. I had gone perhaps half a mile down the edge of the cane brake when I heard the pattering of feet behind me, and in a few minutes one of the dogs came up. I beat him severely with a stick, but he only whined and crouched down at my feet. Finally, I determined to kill him with one of my butcher knives, but as I grasped him by the neck, and drew my carving knife, he looked at me so piteously that

I hadn't the heart to use it, and abandoned my murderous intention. I thought I could manage to keep one dog under control, and that the risk I ran of being killed or captured would not be increased to any great extent by having a dog with me; besides, I came to the conclusion that the company of a dog was better than none. Like the Frenchman, I think that the solitude is very pleasant at times, provided there is someone with you to whom you can say "how delightful is solitude." The dog that followed me was a very large and powerful one—a cross, I think, between the English bull and the Newfoundland. I found him to be tractable and, at the same time, as courageous as a lion. In a few days I had him perfectly under control; could make him lie down at a word, and remain at camp to guard it when I went off foraging or reconnoitering. I named him Scout.

After traveling a mile or two down the brake, I thought I had gone far enough to get away from the other dogs, nda I encamped for the balance of the night near a lagoon. I heard no wolves at this camp, but several times during the night I was roused by the noise made by some large animal forcing its way through the cane. I suppose it was a bear, as I noticed next morning a great many tracks in the soft ooze near the margin of the lagoon.

Whilst lying awake the next morning, upon my bed of dry leaves, my attention was drawn to a rustling among them, and turning them over, I found an ugly reptile about six inches long, which I thought then, and know now, was a centipede. Not fancying such a bed-fellow I quickly dispatched him with a stick. They resemble somewhat the reptile called the "thousand leg worm," but they are much larger and flatter, and although they are well provided with legs, they have not quite a thousand. They are of a dark brown color on the back and the underside a dirty white. Their tail is forked, and has a long sting in the end of each prong, besides smaller stings on each foot, and, to complete their means of inflicting wounds, the mouth is furnished with fangs. They are a disgusting looking "varmint," and are said to be very venomous. An old Texan speaking about them, said: "When they sting you with their forked tail it's a great deal worse, but when they pop you with all their stings, and bite you too—say your prayers."

As soon as I had cooked and eaten breakfast and Scout had cleaned the dishes by licking them, I began to search again for a road that would lead me across the brake. Failing to find one after searching for several hours along the edge of the brake, I determined, if possible, to cut my way through it. I therefore attacked the cane green briers and bushes with a carving knife, and after working faithfully till late in the day, I found I had gone about three hundred yards. Such slow progress was exceedingly discouraging, for at that rate, if the brake was as wide as I thought it to be, I would be several weeks getting through it. There were a few scattering trees among the cane, and in order that I might be able to form some idea of the width of the brake, I climbed one of the tallest from whence I could see an ocean of cane, extending at least four miles in the direction I wished to go, and beyond the scope of vision to the Northwest and Southeast. The length of time and the amount of labor that I knew would necessarily be required to cut my way for so long a distance through this dense mass of vegetation, induced me to give over the attempt, and, descending from the tree, I took the path I had cut back to the prairie. Feeling considerably fatigued by my labors, when I got to the edge of the brake, I sat down at the root of a large tree to rest awhile. Gradually I fell into a doze, from which I suddenly aroused by the growling of Scout, and a scuffling scratcheing noise overhead, and looking up, I caught a gilmpse of some huge black animal sliding down the tree a few feet above my head. I sprang quickly to one side, and at the same instant a bear struck the ground and took his way into the cane, which popped and crocked as if a wagon was going through it. It would be hard to say which was the most frightened, I or the bear, and even Scout was so demoralized by his unexpected appearance that he made no attempt to pursue him. The bear, of course, was up the tree when I took my seat at the foot of it, and as the tree was densely covered with Spanish moss, I had not noticed him. From my protracted stay

at the foot of the tree, I suppose bruin had come to the conclusion that I was laying siege to him regularly, and getting desperate, he had charged down upon me in the manner I have related. Had I known it was a bear when I first caught a glimpse of him, I should not have been alarmed, as I had never heard tell of their attacking any one except when wounded and brought to bay.

Several days afterwards, however, two of them exhibited such evident signs of hostile intentions towards me that I was induced to believe that they were not so non-combative as generally supposed.

After this little adventure, I continued on along the edge of the brake, hoping I might find some road or trail leading across it. I examined every nook and indention, and finally came to a large trail leading from the open prairie towards the brake. Along this trail the old traces of wagon wheels were destinctly visible. I followed it for some distance running almost parallel with the brake, and at length came to where it abruptly turned and entered it. After crossing a strip of cane about two hundred yerds wide, a considerable part of which had been in cultivation. At the farther end of this prairie I saw a house, to which the trail I had been following seemed to lead. When I had approached to within three or four hundred yards of the house, I halted for a few moments to make sure whether or not there was any one about the premises. I heard the crowing of chicken cocks and the squealing of pigs, but as I saw no smoke issuing from any of the chimneys or any other signs to indicate that the house was occupied, I ventured up. There were a great many chickens, ducks and pigs in the yard, but no dog to welcome us. The house was a comfortable log building, consisting of four wide rooms with passage between them and a broad piazza in front, and was sheltered by some large oak and pecan trees. Everything in the house remained just as it was when abandoned by the occupants, which convinced me that it had never been discovered by the Mexicans. Indeed so secluded was the locality and so completely hidden from view by the strip of tall cane on the lagoon before mentioned, that no one passing along the main prairie outside would have suspected there was a settlement in the vicinity.

This house was furnished even in better style than the one I stopped at last, which together with the number of outhouses and negro quarters, convinced me it had been the residence of a wealthy planter. In the barns and cribs I found a large quantity of corn, potatoes, etc., and plenty of sugar and coffee in a store-room.

By the time I had made a thorough examination of the premises, the day was pretty well spent, and I determined to take up quarters for the night in the house. Besides, it had clouded up and a cold, misting rain had begun to fall. I therefore proceeded to make myself at home without the least ceremony. I lolled upon the sofa, read the books, smoked a pipe (which the proprietor of the premises had left behind in the hurry of departure, with a box of tobacco), and after I had supped sumptuously on boiled eggs and peach preserves, I turned into a large double bed that looked as if it had just been spread for my special accommodation, and with Scout keeping watch at the door I slept like a prince until the sun was an hour high.

For my breakfast I had fried chicken, ash cake, boiled eggs, coffee and honey. After breakfast, I filled my knapsack with fresh provisions, and bidding adieu as I thought forever to these pleasant quarters, I set out again to search for a road that would lead me across the brake. Little did I think that five days would pass before I bade a final farewell to these quarters—yet such was the fact.

All that day I searched for a road that would lead me across the interminable cane brake that barred my further progress. Occasionally I would fall into a cattle or deer trail leading into it, but they either gave out entirely after penetrating it a short distance, or else split up into half a dozen blind paths that did not seem to lead anywhere or in any particular direction. Wearied and disheartened by my failure to find a road, I returned to my domicil, feasted again on fried chicken, eggs, honey, etc., and again took possesion of my double bed for the night.

The next day this same program was gone through with, the next, and the next, with the same results, and I almost began to despair of ever finding a way through this apparently endless wilderness of cane, briers and brush. How-

ever, it was some consolation to me to know that after the fatigues and dissappointments of the day, I had such comfortable quarters to fall back upon at night.

Nevertheless, as I was very anxious to get on as speedily as possible, I left my domicil one morning with the determination that I would follow the brake up to the head of old Caney, providing I could find no road crossing it. I went on up the brake, examining closely every nook and indentation without success, until I had traveled, as I suppose, five or six miles Here I struck out into the open prairie, to avoid a deep lagoon that lay in the way, and ere long I came to a well beaten road, running almost parallel with the brake. This road had evidently been traveled a day or so previously by a large body of cavalry. I concluded I would follow it a short distance, and was going along leisurely, when I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs behind me, and turning to look, I saw a troop of Mexican lancers advancing rapidly, not more than four or five hundred yards distant. There was not a tree or bush to screen me , nearer than the brake, at least half a mile to my right, and I knew it would be impossible for me to reach it before I was overtaken by the lancers. for a moment I gave myself up for lost, but fortunately on one side of the road there was a patch of rank dead grass, and as there was no time for consideration, I seized Scout by the neck, dragged him twenty or thirty paces into the grass, threw him down and laid myself by his side, holding him tightly by the muzzle to prevent him from growling or barking at the lancers as they passed.

In a few moments they came up and when opposite the place where Scout and I were hidden, they halted. I could see them plainly through the grass, and could hear them talking, but not with sufficient distinctness to understand what was said.

Scout, too, was aware of their proximity and when they halted he gave a low growl, and tried to get up, but I choked him severely until he lay quiet The lancers had evidently caught a glimpse of us before the road, for after they halted, several dismounted and examined the road for tracks, but luckily at that place the ground was gravelly and hard, and my boots had left no distinct traces on it.

At length, satisfied I suppose they had seen nothing, or what they had seen was only a couple of wolves or wild hogs, those that had dismounted to examine the road for "sign" sprang into their saddles, and they all rode on at a gallop As soon as I saw they were fairly off, I drew a long breath, and I think Scout did so too, for I had choked him until his tongue lolled out. When the lancers had got to a safe distance, I loosened my grasp from his neck and let him up. But he never forgot the lesson I gave him on that occasion, and whenever I wished him to lie down and keep quiet, I had only to place my hand on his neck, when he would crouch down and remain as still as a mouse until I told him to rise. Thankful for what under the circumstances seemed to me almost a miraculous escape, I took my way back to the timber, resolved that henceforth I would keep a better look out, and travel as little as possible in daylight, through the open prairies.

When I reached the woods the sun was about setting and as it was too far to think of returning to my "domicil," selected a suitable locality and encamped for the night. During the night several large animals which I supposed to be bears came around the camp, and the noise they made in the cane, kept Scout in such constant state of excitement, that I am sure he got but little sleep.

The next morning, I retraced my way down the brake, and about midday reached my quarters, where . I found everything as I had left it the day before. After feasting again on fried chicken, sweet potatoes, and hot coffee, I took a seat on the porch, with a volume of Don Quixote (which I read for the first time at this house), and cocking my feet up on the bannisters, I made myself comfortable for the rest of the evening.

(Continued Next Month)

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

FRONTIER TIMES

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We want to place Frontier Times in the hands of every pioneer citizen. Just loan your copy to an old frontiersman, and after he has read it ask him what he thinks of the homely little magazine. It carries him back to days that have long since passed away, never to return, and he recalls names and faces of boyhood associates who shared with him the dangers of the old frontier, and brings to his mind events that had almost been forgotten. We have no selfish motive in wanting the old pioneer on our list, for he will get more enjoyment from reading this little magazine than he can get from a dozen of the modern magazines.

The old settlers of Bandera county meet in annual reunion at Bandera July 3rd and 4th. An elaborate program of old time amusements has been prepared for the entertainment of the old settlers, which includes an old fiddlers' contest, old fashioned spelling match, the old blue backed speller to be used and only old folks to spell, foot races, a golden wedding ceremony, roping contest, barbecue dinner each day, and other features that have long since been discarded as being too slow for the rising generation, but which were good enough for the od pioneers and will never be improved upon.

Lee B. Miller, for almost a half century a drummer for a large San Antonio wholesale firm, died in San Antonio May 13. Mr. Miller was known throughout west Texas, his regular trips to Menard, Mason, Junction, Kerrville, Bandera, Fredericksburg, Sonora, Ozona, Rocksprings and other towns covered a period of more than forty years.

H. C. Rust of Balmorhea, Texas, writes: "I was born 57 years ago in Hays county, Texas, in a log cabin on the San Marcos river, and was raised mostly in Blanco in the days of the old stage stand, when four to six mues pulled the stage coach, and such men as Jack Toddy, Billie Hudbeth and Bill Anderson were drivers. My mother's mother, Grandma Leggett, was among the first settlers of Bandera county. My father J. D. Rust, was one of the first to set up a saloon in Blanco."

Boy Captured by Indians

The relatives of the Whitlock boy, who was captured by Indians many years ago, have received information that the boy now an old man, is living in Arizona on an Indian reservation between Bowie and Globe. The Whitlock boy was carried off by Indians after they had killed his entire family with the exception of himself and his little sister. They set fire to the Whitlock home which was located at the foot of Long Mountain between Burnet and Llano and rode away with the two little captives. The girl was so horrified and frightened that she kept screaming and the Indians, fearing she would be heard by their pursuers, tied her to a wild horses with a rope and she met her death by being dragged over bushes and being kicked by the animal, according to evidence along the trail the Indians took.

The information received in regard to Whitlock's present location, came about when a boy that was captured about the same time visited Llano as the manager of a wild west show. The Cooper boys, uncles of Whitlock, made every possible effort for many years to locate the boy. They visited Indian reservations in the hope of finding him, but to no avail. The showman related the story of his and Whitlock's capture in Llano, and found that Frank Graham of that place was an uncle of Whitlock's. He stated that at the time they were captured by different tribes they traveled together for some time, then the tribe who had captured him traded him to the others for Whitlock, just for the sake of trading, he presumed, as is characteristic of Indians. He did not know Whitlock at the time they were captured, and was several years older and when the Whitlock boy related the incident of his capture, and told of the location of his home the older boy figured out the location to be in Llano county

Whitlock, he stated, was married to a Mexican woman, and would not be recognized as being a white man, having lived with the Indians since he was five years of age.

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